The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February *in the* March *number.*

The February number of "The Bookman" will be published as usual on the first of the month.

NEWS NOTES.

It will be good news to many of our readers that Miss Beatrice Harraden has at last completed the novel on which she has so long been engaged. The original title thought of was a line of William Watson, "I too Have Come Through Wintry Terrors," but there is a probability of this being discarded in favour of another motto. The book will be published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons in the spring.

Mr. Watts-Dunton is preparing for the press another novel. written some time ago. It may possibly appear first in serial form. The demand for "Aylwin" continues very great, both in England and in America.

Dr. George Macdonald has been removed to his home at Bordighera. He bore the journey fairly well. He is in a very weak state of health. He still, however, greatly enjoys music and is the loving care of his family. The story by Dr. Macdonald published in the Christmas *Sketch* is in all probability the last thing he will write.

We understand that in addition to the Life of Lewis Carroll published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, there will be another biography from one of the family. As to "Alice in Wonderland," we believe that the manuscript was handed by the author to Mrs. George Macdonald, and she read it to her children, and her husband was so much interested that she advised Mr. Dodgson to publish it, which was accordingly done.

In the preface to the biographical edition of "The Newcomes" Mrs. Ritchie tells us that in May, 1855, Thackeray came to Coventry to deliver a lecture, and continued his writing of "The Newcomes" at Rose Hill, then the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bray, where he stayed the night. There are pleasant recollections of his talk given. Mrs. Bray has placed at the disposal of the Coventry *Herald* the following letter, which she received from Thackeray shortly afterwards:—

"36, *Onslow Square, May 4th* [1855].

"My dear Mrs. Bray,—A box from Coventry came to our house a few days ago, and ever since my daughters come down to breakfast with the most brilliant breast-knots imaginable. Their old gowns retire as it were, and become invisible before these beautiful ribbons. I must send you and your neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Cash, my thanks for this adornment of my family. I wonder if I shall ever walk with my girls in Stoneleigh Park with you and Mr. Bray in our company, and your little girl trotting on ahead picking flowers as many coloured as Coventry ribbons? Some time in June such a thing may very possibly happen. That was a delightful day in the Park; and Birmingham afterwards was a pleasant holiday—where I saw schools (King Edward's—a very agreeable sight) and sword-making, and Edgbaston—and very kind people at St. Philip's Rectory—as kind as you of Coventry, which is saying a good deal.

"It seems to me a hundred years since I was there—nevertheless the recollection is very friendly and kindly. I send my very best regards to your husband and sister, and am yours all very sincerely, W. M. Thackeray.

"Did you find out the interpolation in the last number? Fred Bayham's speech at the dinner, and the description of the furniture and the barrel organ, were done upstairs in that sunny bed-room, nay in that snug bed.

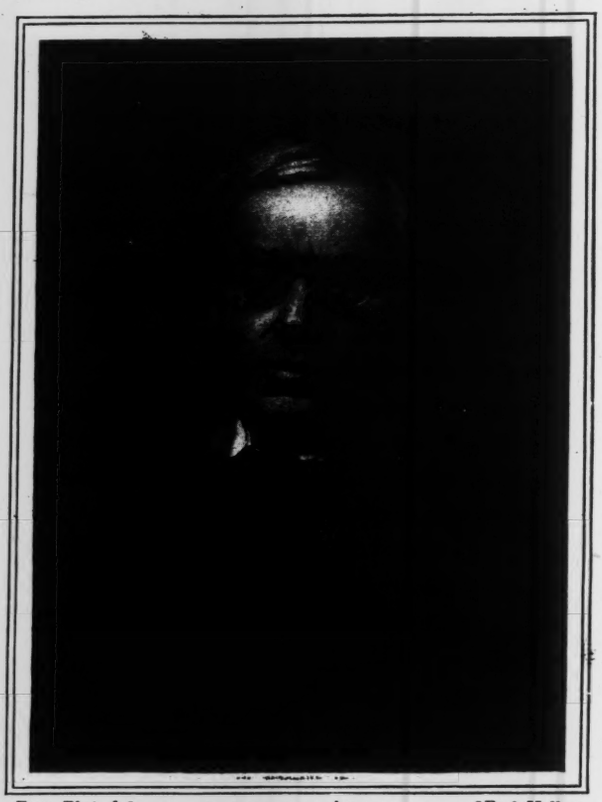
"Thank you for the Coventry *Herald*."

The chief religious journal of the United States, the *Independent*, has completed its fiftieth year, and has published a jubilee number. Henry Ward Beecher was for some time editor, and he was followed by Mr. Tilton. The present editor, Dr. Hayes Ward, who is well known as a scholar, has occupied his position for thirty years. It appears that the loss on the paper for the first ten years amounted to £16,000, which may be thought not excessive. It had three editors who received £80 a year each, and an office editor who received £200. It was at first the largest blanket sheet in the country, but is now in magazine form. The paper has always paid great attention to the literary side, and has included among its contributors such well-known men of letters as Andrew Lang and James Payn. James Payn was the English correspondent for a considerable time, and is now succeeded by Justin McCarthy. Mr. McCarthy, during his residence in the United States, was one of the editors of the *Independent*. The tone of the journal has always been excellent. It may be noted that the American religious papers that have gone into magazine form have apparently increased their prosperity, although, of course, their expenses have been increased also. It may be doubted whether the innovation could be followed in England, where religious papers are mostly sold at a penny. In the United States the ordinary price is five cents, which of course leaves much more margin.

We understand that Mr. F. Anstey has for some time ceased to be a regular contributor to *Punch*.

There is a talk of a biographical edition of Dickens on the lines of Mrs. Ritchie's biographical edition of Thackeray.

Our readers will be interested in a portrait of Mr. Barry O'Brien, whose Life of Parnell, which has excited such a



From Photo by] MR. BARRY O'BRIEN. *[Fred Hollyer.*

wide interest, was reviewed at length in our Christmas Number.

From "The Arabian Nights Entertainments." (Longmans.)

An Oxford lecturer on history is preparing an annotated edition of Carlyle's "French Revolution." Thoroughly annotated editions of Carlyle's principal works are very much required. No book stands more in need of this service than his "Oliver Cromwell." It is not an exaggeration to say that there are hundreds of letters in existence which Carlyle did not know of, or at least has not mentioned. Mr. Walter Rye, the eminent antiquarian, has made a collection as complete in all probability as any that exists.

Mr. Andrew Lang's Christmas book is a delightful edition of the Arabian Nights, which is sure of the same welcome that has been given in past years to his multi-

From "The Arabian Nights Entertainments." (Longmans.)

coloured fairy books. No popular edition of the Arabian Nights has ever been illustrated in a more spirited manner. We reproduce two of Mr. Ford's capital pictures.

Mr. Crockett commences a new story in the *Christian World*, which he calls the "David Copperfield" of his books, meaning by this that it contains a larger autobiographical element than any other.

Messrs. A. and C. Black have just issued the new edition of "Who's Who?"—that excellent annual edited by Mr.

Douglas Sladen. The new volume is the largest and fullest yet published, a number of useful biographies having been added. "Who's Who?" is an invaluable book for all who are in any way connected with journalism. The same may be said of Hazell's Annual, the new edition of which we have just received.

Several interesting volumes of correspondence have lately appeared in Paris. The Correspondence of Victor Hugo (1836-1882) is a readable, but not a very important collection of letters. The best are those referring to the *coup d'état* in Brussels and the insurrection of '48. A much more attractive volume is "Lettres inédites de Lamennais à Montalembert," a series of intimate and pathetic confessions. The "Correspondance entre MM. Renan and Berthelot" is already known to English readers.

Messrs. Gay and Bird, whose editions of American publications are so well known, are issuing a series of charming "Bibelots" at the price of 2s. 6d. net. The first volume is a particularly pretty volume of Coleridge's Table Talk, from

THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF "THE BIBELOTS."

which we reproduce the frontispiece. The book is most tastefully produced on excellent paper with very attractive head and tail pieces.

In *La Volonté* M. Henri Becque is publishing a series of what he calls "executions." The latest victim is M. Jules Claretie, who is subjected to a very trenchant piece of criticism. M. Becque's knife falls at the words, "Médiocrité, c'est beaucoup. Médiocrité et servilité, c'est trop." The amiable director of the Théatre-Français has, naturally, many enemies.

The latest production of M. J. K. Huysmans, the author of "En Route," is a small volume in which he describes in a charming manner certain old quarters of Paris, the history and associations of which he knows better than any living writer.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER 21ST TO DECEMBER 17TH, 1898.

With the exception of a slight drop in the second week, business during the period named has been carried on at a fairly high pressure. It is indeed gratifying to find that, their many competitors notwithstanding, the booksellers still manage in many instances to keep together a good connection. Trade with the colonies and foreign countries continues to be brisk.

Of course the 6s. novel is still a grand line. Work after work appears in this form, in many instances finding an appreciative public. Speaking generally, it is noticeable that a larger proportion of this class of publication is enquired for month after month than was formerly the case.

The war fever appears to be at its height. "With Kitchener to Khartum" is the leading book of the season, and there is a considerable demand for "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," and the "Black and White" war albums. Roberts's "Forty-one years in India" continues to sell freely.

Rudyard Kipling is another favourite. His "Day's Work" and "A Fleet in Being" (the latter issued a few days since) are very popular.

A large trade is being done in annual volumes, more especially of juvenile periodicals. "Chatterbox," "Sunday," "Children's Friend," "Boy's Own Paper," and "Girl's Own Paper" are the most conspicuous.

There is not such a rush, as in former years, for Christmas Annuals with coloured presentation plates. The public madness in this direction, so noticeable a few years since, has passed away.

Among children's books, "Some Forgotten Children's Books" has taken a good hold on the buying public, and Blackie's boys' and girls' publications, especially the 5s. and 6s. ones, are much appreciated.

Illustrated reprints of English Classics, such as Macmillan's 6s. edition of "Cranford," and Dent's 4s. 6d. "Ingoldsby," are selling in large numbers. With regard to the cheaper class of illustrated magazines, there appears to be a general falling off in the sales, but this is not unusual in the third or fourth number of a new periodical. Large numbers continue to be sold of "Strand," "Wide World," "Pearson," and "Harmsworth," while such old favourites as the "Quiver," "Sunday at Home," and "Chambers' Journal" continue to be strongly supported. "The Woman at Home" is the most popular among the magazines specially written for the fair sex.

The list appended will give a fair idea of the kind of literature that meets with public approval. It will be noticed that it is more comprehensive than usual, many classes being represented, but poetry is not among them.

Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Battle of the Strong. By G. Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)
Wild Eelin. By W. Black. 6s. (Low.)
Windyhaugh. By G. Travers. 6s. (W. Blac vood.)
The Day's Work. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macm llan.)
Gloria Mundi. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
John Splend'd. By N. Munro. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Father Anthony. By R. Buchanan. 6s. (Long.)
The Fatal Gift. By F. F. Montresor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Castle Inn. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Judith Boldero. By W. J. Dawson. 6s. (Bowden.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)
Egyptian Soudan. By Alford and Sword. 10s. net. (Macmillan.
Lockwood (Sir F.). By A. Birrell. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Shakespeare's Life. By S. Lee. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Highways and Byways in North Wales. By Alfred Bradley. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Some Forgotten Children's Books. By A. W. Tuer. 6s. (Leadenhall Press.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Workers together with God. 5s. (Mowbray.)
Henty's 5s. and 6s. Books. (Blackie.)
R. N. Carey's Novels. 3s. 6d. edition. (Macmillan.)
Suggestive Lives. By E. Hodder. 2s. net. (J. Murray.)
Ritchie, J. E. (Christopher Crayon). 3s. 6d. (J. Clarke.)
Ingoldsby Legends. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
Gladstone. By E. W. Hamilton. 5s. (J. Murray.)
Gal's Gossip. By A. M. Binstead. 3s. 6d. (Sands.)
Child's Book of Saints. By W. Canton. 5s. net. (Dent.)
Sea Urchins. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending

Nov. 26—A fairly busy week in the home trade. Export business brisk.
Dec. 3—A lighter week, not an unusual experience immediately before the busy time. Foreign and colonial trade continues satisfactory.
" 10—In the home trade all hands were fully employed, and there is every sign of a busy Christmas. Business still good in export department.
" 17—A heavy week, all departments working at highest pressure. Trade with the colonies and foreign countries about the same as last week.

(2) SCOTLAND.

NOVEMBER 21ST TO DECEMBER 13TH, 1898.

There are now but a few weeks to run until the close of the year, and all the books announced for the season may be held as published. The supply in all departments of literature was large, and perhaps on that account some works deserving of success may have been crowded out by less meritorious publications.

In some directions business was good during the time under review, especially in volumes suitable to Christmas-tide, children's gift books, and artistically illustrated works.

In fiction, undoubtedly the most successful books were "Aylwin" by Watts-Dunton, "The Day's Work" by R. Kipling, and "Afterwards" by Ian Maclaren. Many others maintained their popularity, and will do so for some time to come, notably "Mollie's Prince" by R. N. Carey, "Windyhaugh" by G. Travers, "The Laurel Walk" by Mrs. Molesworth, "The Red Axe" by S. R. Crockett, and "The Phantom Army" by M. Pemberton.

Interest in the reconquest of the Soudan, and in military achievements generally, occasioned a large increase in the sales of such books as "The Downfall of the Dervishes" by E. N. Bennett, "Fights for the Flag" and "Deeds that Won the Empire" by W. H. Fitchett, also "With Kitchener to Khartum" by Steevens.

In religious and political circles, "Dr. Dale's Life" met with a very favourable reception, and the newspaper reviews of it indicated very correctly public opinion on his career.

"Dr. Newman Hall's Autobiography," with its racy anecdotes, claimed attention, and just as this report leaves us, "Henry Drummond's Life" has come to hand, and is having a very large sale throughout the whole of Scotland.

As a shilling book, the most successful was Annie S. Swan's "Not Yet," and at this price, as well as at sixpence, the numbers disposed of "In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do?" by Shelden, were very considerable.

Several very interesting works of travel gained some notice, such as a volume on Japan entitled "The New Far-East" by A. Diosy, "Across India at the Dawn of the 20th Century" by L. E. Guinness, and "China in Decay" by A. Krausse.

Of course Almanacs, Annuals, and Annual Volumes were in great demand, and special notice may be made of William Nicholson's "Almanac of Twelve Sports," and the "Golf Calendar" by E. Penfield, as marking striking features in illustration of the seasons by coloured plates.

Great skill and tact were shown in the compilation of children's illustrated presentation books, and such like. "The Modern Traveller," "Tails With a Twist," "Forgotten Children's Books," "Child's Book of Saints," and "The Sleepy King" maintained the credit of the publishers in this department of trade.

Large quantities of the magazine double numbers were disposed of, and the Christmas issues of many of the leading weeklies speedily went out of print, so great was the sale. Taken altogether, this season's business may be reckoned as quite up in every department to that done in former years.

The following were the best selling books during the last few weeks:—

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Afterwards. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
Fights for the Flag. By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Laurel Walk. By Mrs. Molesworth. 6s. (Isbister.)
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)
Stevenson's Edinburgh Days. By E. B. Simpson. 6s. (Hodder.)
In His Steps. 1s. and 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
Not Yet. By Annie S. Swan. 1s. (Hutchinson.)
The Life of Henry Drummond. By Prof. G. A. Smith. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Downfall of the Dervishes. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)
The Battle of the Strong. By G. Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)
Windyhaugh. By Graham Travers. 6s. (Blackwood.)

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A WELL-KNOWN firm of booksellers, Hatchards of Piccadilly, issue a rather striking catalogue called "Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow." I find therein certain instructions for the guidance of those who desire to accumulate a library. The first "instruction" is a canny one for a bookseller to propound. It runs as follows:—"Sell the books you do not want, and with the proceeds make your library up to date." Others I need not state here. Messrs. Hatchards' catalogue is free to all, but some way down I find the advice:—"Place a book-plate or book-label in all your books." These seem to me some

what contradictory counsels. If I decorate my books with a charming book-plate by Mr. Walter Crane, or a humorous book-plate by Mr. Phil May, as I am happily able to do, will not the bookseller to whom I take my second-hand treasures assuredly look askance at me?

* * * *

It is certainly necessary to part with books sometimes, although of course one should not part with any books of biography, history, and travels—even when one thinks that one has quite done with them. Nothing is more certain than that you will speedily want the very book to refer to. But in these days of luxurious editions and of skilful editing of the classics one is bewildered at times between rival affections. Here on my shelves are the eight volumes of Mr. Murray's edition of "Gibbon," with notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot, and Sir William Smith. That book has been in my possession these ten years, and Mr. Zaehnsdorf has bound it for me in levant morocco. I cannot find it in my heart to part with it. It is true that Professor Bury's edition of Gibbon now being published by Methuen in a measure supersedes it, containing as it does the latest researches of scholarship. Still I love those notes by Dean Milman, and must be content even in my limited book-room to place the two Gibbons side by side.

* * * *

But suppose Mr. Murray should decide to reissue Gibbon—and the type even of my copy has a battered appearance—and should determine to give us not only the present notes, but notes by some latter-day scholar, I should have either to be content to possess three editions of Gibbon or I must needs carry that levant morocco set to the booksellers.

* * * *

Not only is there a certain anguish in parting from a book that has served one well, that one has perhaps marked and indexed—for surely the most useful indexing is that done simply with a pencil on the fly-leaf—but the transaction is commercially so unprofitable unless you are an expert collector. For example, I purchased as they appeared the forty volumes of the Cambridge Shakspere. They cost me six shillings each, and the whole set therefore was worth, or should have been worth, twelve pounds. When Mr. Dent came along with those handy little volumes of his—the Temple Shakspere—with the same text as the Cambridge Shakspere, I sent those forty volumes, occupying space that I could ill spare, to the bookseller, and received four pounds for them!

* * * *

An accident like this does not often happen. I am almost certain to be safe with the new "Tennyson" for which I have subscribed. There are to be twelve volumes, and two of them, containing a portion of the second Lord Tennyson's life of his father, are before me. This is a book that should kill all other modern editions of Tennyson for the bibliophile.

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The agreeable writer who has recently published the "Pages from a Private Diary"—a book that has given me a great deal of pleasure—calls attention to a misprint in Mr. Dent's edition of Jane Austen's "Persuasion," a full stop being used in the middle of the description of Sir Walter Elliot and the Baronetage:—"There any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs changed naturally into pity and contempt. As he turned over the almost endless creations of last century. . . ." Of course it should be:—"Any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs changed naturally into pity and contempt as he turned over the almost endless creations of last century. . . ." Attention has, of course, been called to this misprint more than once before, but it is repeated, alas, in the re-issue of Mr. Dent's edition, and also in the very handsome Winchester Edition that we owe to Mr. Grant Richards. It is correctly given in Mr. Bentley's edition. It is, no doubt, very virtuous of publishers to go to early editions of authors, and to respect the sacred text, but it is quite inexcusable for them to perpetuate errors which are not the authors', but those of some printer who has unhappily never ceased from troubling.

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An interesting case of this kind is afforded by the new edition of Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights" that Mr. Edmund Downey has given us. The edition is a most praiseworthy one. This grim romance by Emily Brontë, that has held well-nigh speechless all the best men and women of two generations, glories in far more handsome type than any of its rivals. The story, it will be remembered, was altered in certain small points by Charlotte Brontë when she republished it after her sister's death, because she feared that the Yorkshire country dialect would militate against the popularity of the book in other parts of England. Miss Brontë also made certain other small changes. The editor of the new edition had, it seems to me, two courses open to him. He could have printed the book from the first edition word for word, excepting, of course, printer's errors, which are made unusually obvious to me because I am the happy possessor of Emily Brontë's own copy of "Wuthering Heights," with her marginal corrections.

* * * *

An editor might, on the other hand, have followed the edition now current. Mr. Temple Scott, who is the editor in question, has, however, done neither of these things. He has, he tells us, "reverted to the original so far as concerns Joseph's quaint talk; but I have kept the rest of the text as it left the kindly care of the elder sister." That is to say, this edition is neither Emily's edition nor Charlotte's. It is Mr. Temple Scott's. I hope that in one of the editions now said to be "in preparation"—the one that is to come from Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., or that which is announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton—we shall have Emily Brontë's novel as Emily Brontë gave it to the world.

* * * *

The dialect of Joseph, indeed, which Charlotte Brontë feared would be unintelligible out of Yorkshire, may not be counted over intelligible when translated. It may be worth while to take one sentence—the first introduction of the servant:—

"Vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn."

EMILY'S VERSION.	CHARLOTTE'S VERSION.
"What are ye for?" he shouted. "T' maisters dahn i' t' fowld. Goa rahnd by th' end ut' laith, if yah want tuh spake tull him."	"What are ye for?" he shouted. "T' maister's down i' t' fowld. Go round by th' end o' t' laith, if ye want to spake to him."

Mr. Scott's version approximates to Emily's. He follows Charlotte, however, in "to spake" and "maister's."

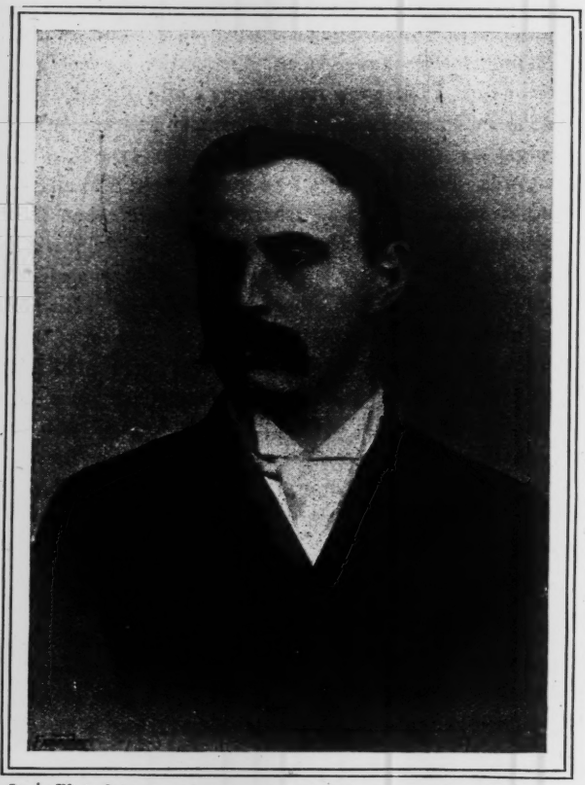
CLEMENT SHORTER.

THE READER.

MR. LEE AND SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.*

By PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

SO hearty a welcome has been given to this excellent piece of work that I have only to join a chorus of well-deserved commendation. As a statement of the facts of Shakespeare's material life it is fully informed, and arranged with skill; it is trustworthy; the errors fall within the inevitable margin; some new facts are additions to our knowledge; some not improbable conjectures are worthy of attention. If Mr. Lee does not bring imaginative insight to bear on Shakespeare's writings, perhaps we should applaud him for keeping within his sufficiently ample province;



From Photo by [Elliott & Fry. MR. SIDNEY LEE.

what he says of the literary qualities of the plays and poems, if not very illuminating, is usually sober and correct.

The rogue Puck plays tricks with us all. He can play as strange tricks with the historical-literary student, who works from without inwards, as he does with the student of penetrative imagination, who works from within outwards. When shall we find a critic whose imaginative insight interprets his historical results, and whose historical results guide and control his genius of interpretation? The Sonnets of Shakespeare have been to Puck like the Athenian wood; many a learned wanderer there has had "a great desire to a bottle of hay," or has enjoyed a dream "past the wit of man to say what dream it was."

Working learnedly from without inwards, Mr. Lee finds a large conventional element in the Italian, French, and English poetry of the sonnet; many things said by Shakespeare were said by other poets, and sometimes in much the same way; some sonneteers professed that their poetical exercises were addressed to no real object. Therefore Shakespeare's Sonnets are in the main conventional poetic exercises; the writer's chief motive was to benefit himself by creeping into a patron's favour.

A critic who worked from within outwards might perhaps observe that real passion often delights in a convention, which half-reveals and half-conceals a joy or a grief that cares not to express itself in its nakedness. But it is more scientific to accept the fact, already indicated by Touchstone, that "the truest poetry is the most feigning." A great body of verse, not alone in sonnet form, is shamming, and the cleverer the poet the better he shams. Dante and Petrarch were a pair of trained Italian mountebanks; Sidney wrote of Stella with his tongue in the side of his cheek; Shakespeare adored the coin in his young patron's pocket; when Rossetti buried his sonnets in his wife's coffin, he stupidly forgot that they were poetical exercises dealing with such abstractions as Love and Fate and Time. What merry moments Milton had when he feigned himself a shepherd lamenting Lycidas! Shelley felt no genuine indignation or pity when he manufactured his elegy on Keats; Matthew Arnold is not known to have ever possessed a "shepherd's pipe," nor was Clough a performer on the "rustic flute." As for the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the very title betrays their insincerity; every woman wails in verse on the themes of love and grief; locks of hair are of course exchanged, according to the amorous convention; the lover's hair is black, and black hair has been praised by Italian and English sonneteers; three kisses are given, and, as Mr. Lee notices, three is a conventional number. Let us reduce our knowledge in these instances to a level with our knowledge—or rather our ignorance—of the persons and incidents connected with Shakespeare's Sonnets, and we can readily accept the views of Touchstone. And yet perhaps there is a kind of historical study which co-operates with literary insight, and by tests of its own endeavours to distinguish between the true metal and the false.

Mr. Lee's education as regards the Sonnets has been rapidly progressing. I do not blame him for this—I congratulate him; possibly it has not yet reached its term. When the article "William Herbert" was written in the great Dictionary he edits so ably, "Shakespeare's young friend was doubtless Pembroke himself, and the 'dark lady' in all probability was Pembroke's mistress, Mary Fitton." *Doubtless* is an ill word, a vile word; it occurs too frequently in this "Life of Shakespeare," and the reader may emend the erratum (*passim*) by reading *possibly*. When the article "Shakespeare" was printed last year, Pembroke and Mary Fitton were consigned to the limbo of vanities; but the main outlines of the story legible in the Sonnets were accepted as true; the poems consisted of two groups; the rival poet was not improbably Chapman. Now only a possible germ of the story remains as real; the sonnets are in the main conventional exercises; their arrangement is called "Thorpe's," and as such has no authority; the "dark lady" may be nobody at all; the stately rival poet has dwindled (so sly a rogue is Puck) to Barnabe Barnes.

Unhappily my own education has been stationary. I have no hypothesis to give me fame; I never believed in

*"A Life of William Shakespeare." By Sidney Lee. 7s. 6d. (London: Smith, Elder and Co.)

any identification of persons; I spoke of Herbert and Chapman as clever guesses; I thought the Herbert-Fitton theory a marvel of ingenuity, and never credited it; I saw that the traces of many Elizabethan personages and private incidents are lost. But I was forced to believe that real persons were involved; I was forced to recognise in Sonnets 1-126 a sequence, with certain interruptions.

Mr. Lee names his Appendix V. "The True History of Thomas Thorpe and Mr. W. H." I do not object to hypotheses if they are stated as such, but a writer with a punctilious sense of responsibility will not state a conjecture as a fact. Thorpe, the publisher of the Sonnets, writes Mr. Lee in the text of his Life, "designated as the patron of the venture a partner in the speculation." The "true history" is this—William Hall, a publisher, newly set up in business, presented to his acquaintance Thorpe in 1609 a manuscript copy which he had obtained of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and Thorpe in return dedicated the volume in high-sounding terms to the "onlie begetter" (*i.e.* obtainer) of the Sonnets, Mr. W. H.

Touch the house of cards and it tumbles. There is no evidence that Thorpe and Hall were acquainted; no evidence that Hall obtained the manuscript; no evidence that the generous publisher Hall presented his treasure-trove to Thorpe; no evidence that Thorpe addressed the poor tradesman in terms of absurd unsuitability; and no evidence that the word "begetter" in the dedication means obtainer.

Let us take the last point first. Mr. Lee says that *beget* was not infrequently used in the sense of *obtain*. I am far from asserting the contrary. But Mr. Lee might have vouchsafed to us a few of the not infrequent examples he has observed. He gives two—first (and this is Dr. Murray's sole example subsequent to the 14th century) Hamlet's "acquire and beget a temperance." It is perhaps not over-refining to say that *beget* is here distinguished from acquire; the temperance of the true actor must be not only acquired through training, but must also be the offspring of a native impulse. Mr. Lee's second example has done duty for three quarters of a century, and yet is wholly worthless. Dekker's Welsh knight in "Satiromastix" murders the king's English so abominably that William Rufus says to him, "We take your meaning, not your words"; and in the particular passage where Sir Vaughan blunders on the word *beget*, his use or abuse of it has, in preceding words, a reason on which it is needless to enter.

On the other hand, the use of the word "begetter" in the meaning of inspirer or sustainer of a poetical enterprise is undoubtedly justified by Elizabethan usage. I have space for only one instance. Daniel's sonnets addressed to Delia are dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke; they are "begotten by her hand"; it is for her to see that the "quickning seede" be not "overthrown"; the "travaile" may be her poet's; the glory shall be hers. The word has a peculiar propriety if Mr. W. H. be the young patron of the Sonnets.

Thorpe once dedicated a book to a friend in the trade—Edward Blount. Blount had been an intimate friend of Marlowe; he was an intimate friend of Thorpe; he is addressed in the dedication in terms of easy familiarity, it being a joke to style him thus a patron; it is Marlowe's "First Book of Lucan" which is offered to him, for in this Marlowe's friend had "an old right." When Mr. Lee can show that Thorpe was a friend of Hall, that Hall was a friend of Shakespeare, that he had "an old right" in the Sonnets, that the dedication is written in an easy, jesting, familiar way, we may begin to consider whether he has found a parallel for the imagined dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets, by tradesman to tradesman, in the dedication of the "First Book of Lucan."

On the punning "Will" sonnets Mr. Lee has a separate section of the Appendix. Here the mischievous Puck has tempted him to be grave and learned. With array of scholarship he shows that "will" was used for self-will, caprice, sensual passion, of which fact some readers of Elizabethan literature had already an inkling. And so having got one side of his pun quite correctly, he proceeds to demonstrate with solemn exegesis that to obtain a meaning the other side is unnecessary. Tom Hood tells us that "they buried Ben in four cross-roads, with a *stake* in his inside." It can be learnedly proved that *stake* means a stick or post sharpened at the end; therefore no pun is meant; Hood very simply and touchingly states the fact of the suicide's burial.

But Hood italicises *stake*; this can be settled lightly by the words "almost certainly a typographical accident" (so Mr. Lee gets rid of an inconvenient italicised *Will* in Sonnet 143). Mr. Wyndham has lately shown that italics are not strewn carelessly over the quarto of the Sonnets; no page of the quarto assuredly resembles that on which *Will* appears repeatedly with a capital letter and in italics. But since Southampton, whose name was Henry, is Mr. Lee's latest hero of the Sonnets (and an excellent hero he is) it is convenient to reduce the *Wills* to one—Will Shakespeare.

Let any reader of this article, who is unpledged to a theory, turn to Sonnet 134. Here, without italics and without pun, the idea is proposed: "I am mortgaged to thy will." In line 13, addressing the lady, Shakespeare writes: "thou hast both him and me." Sonnet 135 starts, after the manner of connected Elizabethan sonnets, with the closing idea of its predecessor, but now tricked out and variegated by puns on proper names. "Thou hast both him and me," or, in other words—

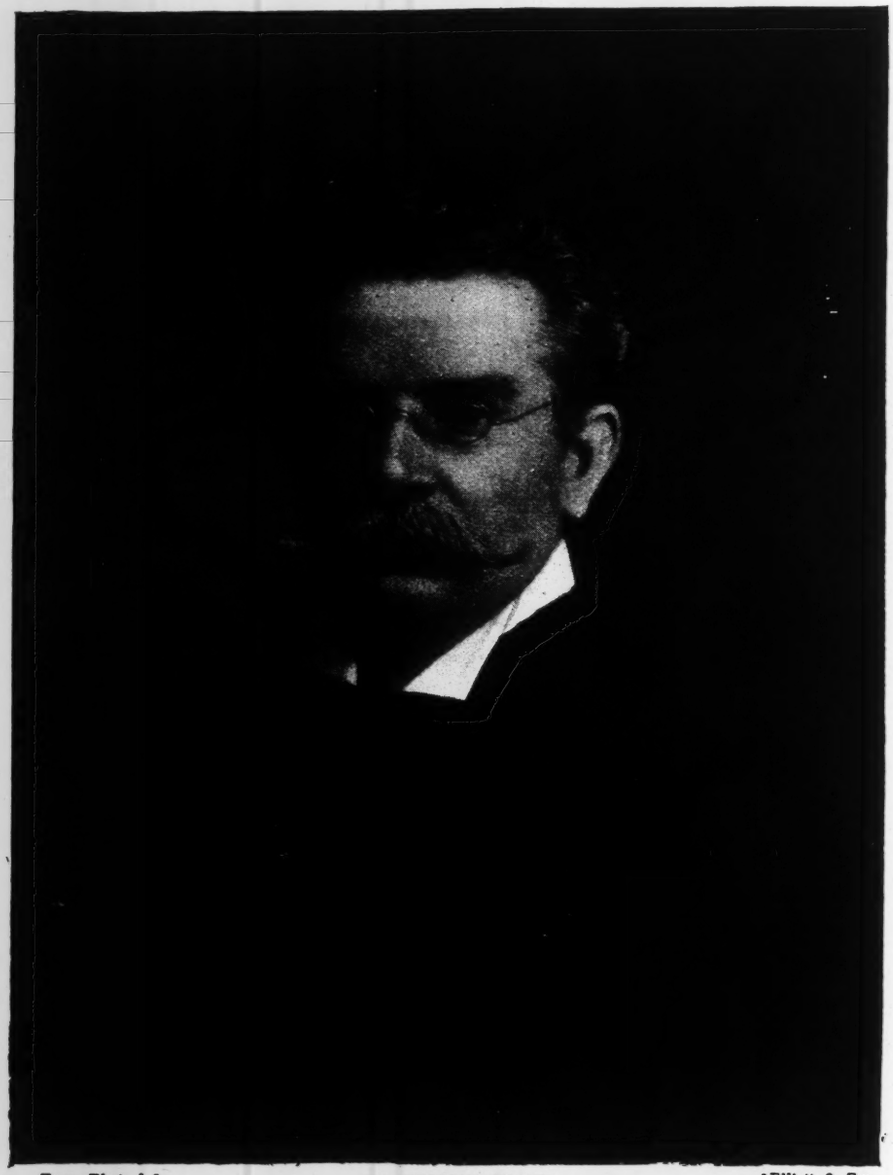
> Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
> And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus,
> More than enough am I that vex thee still.

You have your desire, and my patron Will, and the now superfluous Will Shakespeare—an interpretation which is confirmed by the punning close of 143.

As to Barnabe Barnes, the rival poet, probably Mr. Lee would have made a less unfortunate selection had it been open to him to do so. Assigning to an early date Shakespeare's references to a rival, and assuming that the poet had celebrated Southampton, Mr. Lee's choice virtually lay between Gervase Markham and Barnes. Mr. Fleay had annexed Markham and made as good a case for him, with the aid of references to "eyes" and "virtue" and such-like as is now made for the other. Mr. Lee's sole point of vantage is that Shakespeare refers to the rival's "hymns," and Barnes incidentally calls his poems, addressed not to Southampton but to Parthenophe, by that

name. Very few poets, Mr. Lee says, so applied the word. Not a few, I should say, and among them certainly were Spenser, Barnfield, Campion, T. B. (Thomas Bastard?), Sir John Davies, Chapman, and the author of "Zephiria." Either Markham or Barnes will do well enough for anyone who can dispense with evidence—either Rosencrantz or gentle Guildenstern, Guildenstern or gentle Rosencrantz; it is six to one and half a dozen to the other.

Meanwhile Shakespeare's Sonnets remain; their beauty and their passion remain. We critics, who spin cobwebs to catch little flies, may enjoy our pastime; in due course our cobwebs are blown away.



From Photo by] MR. WILLIAM BLACK. *[Elliott & Fry.*

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM BLACK.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

WHATEVER may be said of William Black the novelist, of William Black the man there cannot be two opinions amongst those who knew him well. "A thoroughly good fellow is Black," said once an old Scotch friend of his, "just a *first-rate* fellow." He had many friends amongst men—Sir Norman Lockyer, Colin Hunter, Mr. George Lillie Craik, of Messrs. Macmillan, and Dr. Lauder Brunton were all special friends of his, and many other men distinguished in various spheres of life will mourn in him a kindly, merry, loyal-hearted friend. Many of his books have for their framework journeys taken or holidays spent with some of those men friends—for he was, rather specially, a "man's man." "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" was written after a visit to America along with Mr. Craik and Dr. Lauder Brunton, and it was a great amusement to him to have them afterwards, half indignantly, picking out their own special crumbs of conversation or appreciation of scenery from the general mass. Dr. Lauder Brunton, as "Dr. Angus Sutherland," also appears in "Whitewings," and other friends also find themselves—can we say "immortalised"? Scarcely, we fear. For Black's writings, though pleasant in their lives, can hardly hope for the immortality of the library of future generations. His books to him were very dear children. Even when he was turning out work at a pace which made his friends groan, he

loved what he did, and had very tender feelings towards even those books that seemed uncommonly like pot-boilers. "I told Black the other day that 'A Daughter of Heth' was the best thing he ever did," the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan once said to me, "and Black didn't like it at all, because it was one of the first books he ever wrote." While writing his novels, when he came to the most critical parts of his stories he used to shut himself up and see no one, having even his meals sent up to his room. He was twice married, and his first wife as "Queen Tita" is a well-known character in his novels. His widow recognises herself as "Dove Annerley" in "In Silk Attire." Mrs. Black used to tell pathetically how much she wept over the death of "Coquette" in "A Daughter of Heth," and of how, in a moment of sympathy for her tears, he promised that never again would he kill a heroine, so that she was indignant at his perfidy when "Madcap Violet" died. "If I hadn't killed Coquette she would never have been heard of," he said, in self-defence. Although Mr. Black gave up Art in despair, when a lad, his water-colour sketches were very far above the average work of the amateur, and some of the bits of coast on the Western Highlands that were painted by his brush were little inferior to those painted by his pen. He sketched a good deal, and was as keen about that as he was about yachting, about fishing, and, indeed, about every pursuit he entered into. "Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might." When he wished to introduce a theatrical element into one of his books, his friends laughed

MR. WILLIAM BLACK FISHING.

as they told each other that "Black had gone touring with a travelling company, and was going on every evening as a super." Once on a time he took up chemistry with the hope of discovering for himself which wall-papers were arsenical and which were safe, and to that, too, he devoted all his energies, but without marked success. "The chemical business is all a muddle," he wrote to a friend; ". . . the beast of a thing finally would do nothing but sputter and crack and bubble out water. Perhaps the simplest way out of the difficulty would be to give all the papers over to a professional analyst."

A good fellow—a good friend—a true artist—a genial, cordial host—and a man of warm heart who did many generous and kindly deeds that will never be published outside the little worlds he did them in—such a man was William Black. And by Mickleham Downs and Rottingdean—in far Lochaber—and down the western coast that

MR. WILLIAM BLACK ON A WALKING TOUR.

knew his yacht so well—in the Reform Club where so often the rosy-faced man with eyes that twinkled through his spectacles, and with a hearty, humorous laugh might have been seen entertaining his friends—in Green Pastures and in Piccadilly—there are to be found those to whom the death of William Black, in the prime of his life, is no light sorrow.

IS JOURNALISM A CAREER FOR MEN OVER FORTY?

I.—BY ONE OF THEM.

IN answering this question the older school of journalists can only imitate the self-assertion of the younger. My answer is: If it were not, pity would be due to journalism. For its public usefulness, and therefore for its success, journalism has need of many qualities. Not the least of them is appreciation, the appreciation even of the qualities it needs. Age can, and does, appreciate what journalism owes to the qualities of Youth, to its tireless energy, to its enthusiasms, to its alertness, to its courage, in a word to its enterprise. What respect in return Youth pays to the qualities of Age judge from the fact that, as the editor tells me, it will pose this question before or after me and argue uncompromisingly in the negative. That Youth should thus be blind to the qualities of Age, that Youth should be so exclusively self-appreciative, is a serious limitation. Now Journalism abhors limitations, especially limitation of view. Not, it seems, until Youth has ceased to be raw Youth on my scale of age degrees; not until, on its own scale, it has reached that "grand climacteric" which it is pleased in its short views of life to bring down from a man's sixty-third to his fortieth year, can I now hope that its serious limitation will be removed. I know that then this self-same Youth will have a wider horizon, that it will find out the meaning of what it now calls Age, and

what it will then call maturity, acknowledging it as the essential means to correct and to hold in check the fatal self-sufficiency of Youth.

I am proud—what true journalist is not proud?—of the strides that Journalism has made of recent years—proud that it may be said to have conquered for itself a place among the professions, and quietly triumphant to witness pressing forward for admission into its ranks those young and brilliant men who leave the Universities to search for what they grandiloquently term a "career." It would be absurd to doubt that they are, upon the whole, men better qualified than their predecessors, or that they in their turn will have to reckon upon an invasion of superior talent still. It would therefore be equally foolish to deny that in the Journalism of to-day the bulk of the talent is to be found in the men under forty. It would be extraordinary, and it would be shameful to them, if it were otherwise. They are in the main drawn from another and a more highly educated class. They have had advantages denied to most of their seniors. They have been born in brighter days. But all that is beside the point, or if it is a point, it is the point which pricks the bubble argument for the negative, or a point at which confusion of thought is detected and the fallacy of the younger journalist perceived. Our question refers to age as age. Superior talent, superior natural wisdom, superior training, in young or old, will inevitably displace the inferior, but the question is when is the mere weight of a man's, or a woman's, years a disqualification? And here I can offer to the younger journalist a consolation to be treasured and held fast till it is wanted in the days when his own argument will be used against him. The years will swiftly pass, and at that age of forty, which to his boyish vision is the appropriate period for an old age pension, still smarter journalists below him may tell him that his day is done, and bid him seek the snuggest place he can find upon the shelf. The consolation is this. Even the present old fogeys possess it. He will possess it, and what is left of his original superior ability to boot. The years will have brought him an advantage that nothing but years can give—no academic culture, no striving with historical records, no diligence, no strenuousness, no audacity. They will have brought him—*Experience*. The saying, "Live and learn," has more depth of meaning than the younger journalist suspects. To have only *lived* for forty years and more implies learning of a kind which is wonderfully fortifying against the fear of Youth's strenuous competition. What the older journalist has lived through, what has been his experience of the public life of his time, his participation in the events of his day, his personal knowledge in many cases of the great public men of more than one outgoing generation—all those are to him qualifications which only the ignorance and the self-sufficiency of Youth can underrate. I count myself a boy yet, although my fortieth year is behind me. What reminds me of my age is to meet young journalists to whom the Franco-German war is history in which they have had no interest as excited watchers of its progress; to whom the Reform agitations and the breaking of the Hyde Park railings are traditions; who were infants at the genesis of the education controversies still disturbing public life; who barely recall the General Election of 1874, and the grand rhetorical conflict between Gladstone and Disraeli, when the challenge came and went between Kent and Buckinghamshire, while all the country hearkened to the resounding blows of the combatants; who never heard the voice of John Bright; to whom Sedan is virtually as remote as Waterloo. Journalism cannot yet dispense with the men who are personal links with those comparatively recent events, still marking with their trail our daily history. Newspapers that are edited, and too exclusively staffed, by young men sometimes give evidence of this want of personal association with the not very remote past. When they thus smack of the novice and the amateur what smiles must overspread the countenances of those men of the world whom they would fain impress, and whom they affect to teach! Under the robe of a Nestor they detect a raw Telemachus forsaken by his Mentor and of his prudence bereft. Nor in his case will ever

> A secret pleasure touch Athena's soul,
> To see the preference due to sacred age
> Regarded ever by the just and sage.

The young journalist remains, by the nature of the case, delightfully unconscious of his own deficiencies. See with what pride he will sometimes parade a recently acquired knowledge as if it were entirely new because it is so new and delightful to him. The older journalist has at least the advantage of being able to distinguish more frequently between what is new and what is old; and, in any case, he has made as a rule the biggest advance in knowledge—he knows his own ignorance, which a young man so seldom knows, and he has learned neither to betray it, nor to be led astray by it, in humbly imparting to others the little that he does know.

Judgment, it cannot be denied, is the supreme qualification of a journalist. Daniels have been known to come to judgment; and old heads are occasionally found upon young shoulders. There is a kind of judgment commonly called the journalistic instinct, with which some men seem to be born, just as a man is born with a musical ear, or a mathematical head. I suppose I may put that aside in this argument, because it is a possession assumed to be independent of years. Neither by youth nor by age will the man who has it be disqualified. But the trained judgment that decides the policy of a journal as well as the value of a piece of copy, that gives the "tone" to a newspaper, that saves the paper from offences against good taste as well as the law of libel, that can tell when to give brilliance its head, and when to restrain it, that guides the paper safely through an unanticipated crisis, and in its quiet way renders services which are never heard of for the same reason that the satrapy of the most successful viceroy is without a history—that all-important judgment is mainly the contribution to Journalism of men that are long past forty.

It is best to discuss this question impersonally, but it is not difficult to point to living journalists who are conspicuously contradicting every day the audacious supposition that no good work can be done in journalism after the age of forty. In the higher posts on the London Press Mr. Moberly Bell, Sir John Robinson, Mr. Mudford, Sir Edwin Arnold still retain the affection and admiration of their juniors, and even the men to whom they now leave the actual editorial work—for example, Mr. Buckle and Mr.

E. T. Cook, and the latter's most brilliant colleague, Mr. Herbert Paul—are, though still young, all on the shady side of forty. There are others, honourably conspicuous in London journalism, not yet at that age. Do I not write the sober truth when I say that if their papers have a fault it is that their brilliance is marred at times by a little bit of the unsteadiness, the flightiness, the recklessness of a Youth whose creditable emotions are apt to oversway the judgment, and whose self-consciousness will at times eclipse the sense of humour? Will anyone say that the younger men to whom I refer will not do better work when they are more mature, or that there is any reason to mark out for them even twenty years ahead the period of their decline? Mr. Stead, a leading journalist, and even a "new journalist," was born in 1849. Sir Wemyss Reid reckons back to 1842. There is a younger man than either of these; and I will not presume to question the ever green youth of the editor for whom I am writing, but it is equally certain that he is not nearly played out, and that he will never see forty again. Mr. Clayden, who has the energy of a man of thirty-five, has passed his seventieth year. He has gone into partial retirement, or, at least, has quitted the night editor's chair; but in the provinces Mr. Bunce, of the *Birmingham Post*, can, in his seventieth year, "give points" to many a young journalist. Sir Edward Russell has passed three score; Mr. Charles Russell, of the *Glasgow Herald*, is nearing that age; Sir John Willox was fifty fully six years ago. Only the ignorantly conceited among the younger journalists would dream of alleging that such men are ripe to make way for them.

Think of one or two men who are gone. Hugh Miller was nearly forty when he entered journalism. Who will say that Russel of the *Scotsman* did better work in his youth than in the fulness of his years, or that Henry Dunckley wrote himself out, or that his ill-starred paper would not have had a still shorter life but for his brilliant pen? Who will suggest that Hutton or Delane ceased to be mighty journalists under the weight of their years? These great journalists of the past, and others, kept up the dignity and maintained the influence of journalism, and made it the profession which the youth of to-day are so proud to enter. There was no error of self-assertiveness on their part. They avoided the novice's temptation to write about themselves and their profession so as to excite the envy of others and draw into their ranks men with other motives than an overpowering inward call for journalistic work. They did not yearn to be known to the public by name. They cherished the anonymity of the press, and made it the object of their lives to enhance the glory of their journals rather than to get notice for themselves. Above all, they did not say to their kindly seniors who had extended a welcome to them that the time had come to fix a limit of age. They knew that there was in journalism work for all ages and temperaments, that journalism offered a career open to all the talents, and that the best man would rise to the top in time; but they also knew that in no profession were the wisdom and experience of age of more account, and that in no profession was age more likely to seek relief from arduous labours all too soon. They therefore reverenced their seniors and did not make unseemly haste to wear their honoured crowns.

II.—By One of the New Brigade.

HAS the journalist of forty any real future? Never were there so many newspapers and magazines; never so many outlets for the whole art of journalism—yet never such uneasiness in the minds of the older craftsmen. The question keeps on reiterating itself with greater insistence as the outlook of journalism becomes greater and as the audience increases until it annexes the lowest forms of intelligence. And it is all the stranger in view of the recognition of journalism as a desirable "profession," and of the extraordinary enthusiasm with which young men, who in other days might have entered the shop, or the church, or the bar, throw themselves into newspaper offices Yesterday Fleet Street and Grub Street were synonyms. To-day Fleet Street has magnified itself for the Younger Generation into a Fairyland, where every new explorer may be a Prince Fortunatus to-morrow. The young man with the millions who was writing paragraphs a few years ago dazzles the Younger Generation. The editor who left a Government stool to conduct the best known English journal is the ideal of the modern Smiles. Even the undergraduate may pay his bills out of his contributions to "the Press," while he will have to be in possession of his degree for several years before he can make ends meet at the bar or in the church. Hence has the Younger Generation elbowed its way into Fleet Street with the most engaging enthusiasm, and its enterprise has made the Old Brigade look out of date. For the moment the Younger Generation forgets that the years are not stationary. But the Old Brigade feels the fact with increasing uneasiness; it is becoming unpleasantly conscious that for the great majority of the workers youth is the time for journalism, as it is for the kindred art of the stage itself. One indeed may note in parenthesis that the Philosophy of Forty has been exposed most poignantly on the stage in "The Princess and the Butterfly" and in Mr. Alexander's new play, "A Man of Forty."

The age-limit—none the less felt that it is not part and parcel of the formal deed of entry—is no new discovery. The cattle show reporter, even in the remotest corner of the kingdom, feels that age brings certain physical limits to a perpetual scurrying about the country to every collection of pedigree animals. The most punctilious sub-editor looks orward to the day when he shall be called on to do work more worthy than the punctuating of political speeches in "flimsy"; the leader-writer gradually gets tired of perpetual anonymity, and wearies of the night work which makes him practically a hermit. Like Sir George Lamorant, they have all arrived at the conclusion that "no man should die old in his own country;" so one and all look forward to another land than Fleet Street as the final goal. All that is obvious, depending on the mere question of physical exhaustion.

But there is a much more exigent age-limit than that imposed by mere physical strength: for I am speaking not of the mechanical forms of the art, but of its very essence, which consists of acute intuitions or of highly nervous intelligence. For instance, it is comparatively easy for the old campaigner of a war correspondent to translate the Battle of Omdurman into the terms of tactics, which the students of the *Times* and the Staff College shall read with keen interest. But a G. W. Steevens sees such a fight only

once or twice, and he translates it into prose, which is vivid in inverse ratio to his experience. When he has seen several artillery combats, his eyes will have become dim for anything but a comparison with his memories of other encounters. He will almost invariably become like the dramatist who puts stage-puppets instead of living people into his plays. Similarly, the only man to treat a trite topic in a new way is the youngster who encounters the subject for the first few times for himself, and in the fulness of his discovery retells it as if it were a fresh gospel. And the same is precisely true in selecting the work of other writers. Indeed, it may be demonstrated that no journal is permanently successful that is not conducted by someone genuinely interested in its subject matter. That may seem an axiom scarcely worth stating. As a matter of fact, the most clever journalists forget the truth of the dictum perpetually. An editor may see very clearly—as a hard dry intellectual calculation—that a certain public is interested in a particular type of article, and for a time he may be successful in catering for this public. But in the long run, unless he is assisted by somebody on the same mental level as his readers, he is bound to fail so far as maintaining a lead is concerned. This is the real secret of the shrinkage of circulations. A journal is started with a certain crude audience. Slowly but surely, the conductor of it and his readers advance in point of intelligence, but his public nearly always diminishes for the most obvious of reasons, and his prestige will be handicapped by the newcomer who discovers a denser crowd. "We don't want literature," said the conductor of a Colossal Circulation the other day; and he was right, for he had no instinct nor intention to attract any but a vast crude public, interested in the illiterate and scrappy way of stating fact and fancy.

The premises of this theory make journalism the art of seeing the passing show in a young, vivid, vital way; and in nine cases out of ten, even where this feat has come to be accomplished as a sheer intellectual endeavour, the success of carrying on the art is a matter of years. The age-limit differs, of course, in different men, but nearly all men stop growing at some time or other, and then mere repetition begins. This, of course, is a commonplace in regard to all the arts. But the strange uneasiness of the Old Brigade arises from the fact that they feel that journalism is the most vital, as it is the youngest, of the arts. At the present time there is far more energy and ingenuity being thrown into newspapers than into the playhouse or the studio or even ordinary commerce. We have all suddenly discovered the enormous field that can be worked; we are now at the stage of attempting to reduce every aspect of the world to the common denominator of the newspaper and the lowest intelligence; and the task has given an extraordinary zest to everybody concerned in the struggle, which has not yet been bound by academic rules (the mere attempt to found an "Institute of Journalists" has been a dead failure). The contribution which the individual man can give to this great exploitation is after all very small, and except in the few cases when, as a capitalist, he can recruit a regiment for himself, his cunning as a worker soon exhausts itself. You have only to think that English journalism has no veteran of the same real excellence as Mr. Watts in painting and Mr. Meredith in literature to see how true it is that Fleet Street lies in the hands of young men. There are veterans there too, but their art has become old-fashioned, and they are merely names.

Whether the age-limit of journalism be forty, or five and forty, or fifty, it would be foolish to state. Yet though we have not reached the compulsory retirement clause which the Services have been compelled to adopt, the uneasiness of elderly Fleet Street, its hope that journalism may somehow "lead to something," and its desire to die out of the "old country," indicates how keenly the sense of a real age-limit is felt; and, once that feeling creeps in, the worker is very largely paralysed.

After all, this early retirement answers to the law of compensation. The Fleet Street youth was making a very good living wage when his brother at the bar or in the church would have been starving but for private means. All the other professions, save journalism, take long years for one to reach the highest places. There are no Lord Chancellors of thirty-two, and no Archbishops of five and twenty. Hence the journalist should start out with a clear understanding of the conditions of his craft. Let him take everything while, in the language of the older Bohemianism, the "luck lasts."

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

It is stated in Dublin that Mr. Harmsworth, of the *Daily Mail*, has purchased Mr. John Redmond's organ, the *Independent*.

Mr. J. B. Mackie, late of the *Leeds Mercury*, and formerly of Hanley, has been appointed representative of the *Manchester Guardian* in North Staffordshire.

Mr. J. L. Astbury, of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, has joined the sub editorial staff of the *Daily Argus* (Birmingham). His place in the sub-editor's room of the *Daily Mail* has been taken by Mr. W. E. Pegg, of the *Wolverhampton Evening News*.

Mr. G. B. Bashford, on leaving the reporting staff of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, after two and a half years' service, for London, has had presented to him by the members of the Birmingham Press Club a silver watch and a case of pipes. A testimonial in the shape of a silver-mounted umbrella has been presented to Mr. Bashford by the principal officers of the Birmingham City Police.

Mr. H. Percy Evenden, who has been for several years on the staff of the *Surrey Comet* at Kingston and Wimbledon, has accepted an appointment on the *Leeds Mercury*, of which paper another Surrey journalist, Mr. Arthur Penn, is dramatic and musical critic.

It is hoped that Sir T. Wemyss Reid, the President of the Institute of Journalists, will attend the annual meeting of the Leeds District to be held at Leeds on January 21st next.

At meetings held during the present month (on December 3rd and 10th) Mr. G. Stansfield was elected chairman of the Liverpool Sub-District of the Institute of Journalists and Mr. C. Birchall, chairman of the Liverpool District. Messrs. Joseph Mason and J. Hanmer Quail were re-elected hon. secretaries. A strong committee has been formed to make the necessary local arrangements for the annual conference of the Institute which is to be held in Liverpool in 1899. Much interest in the conference has already been evoked throughout the district.

The annual dinner and meeting of the Surrey District of the Institute of Journalists were held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on Saturday, December 3rd. Mr. H. F. D. Porter, proprietor of the *Surrey Mirror*, was re-elected chairman of the district for the year, and presided at the dinner.

Mr. Joseph Lawrence, chairman of the Linotype Company, who lives at Kenley, Surrey, has been transferred from the London to the Surrey District of the Institute.

Mr. Norman J. Bland, who for nine years past has served on the reporting staff of the *Yorkshire Gazette* at York, is about to join the staff of the *North Eastern Daily Gazette.*

There is some talk of a new Conservative evening paper in Exeter, but we do not hear that the arrangements have yet been definitely made.

Mr. G. M. Netting, of the *Western Morning News*, Plymouth, is about to take up a position with Pearson's, Limited.

Mr. Charles Matthews, an Exeter pressman, has been presented with a purse of sovereigns on his severing a long connection with the *Western Times.*

At a specially-convened meeting of the North and East Lancashire Sub-District Institute of Journalists' held at Blackburn, Mr. T. Meech (*Lancashire Daily Post*, Preston) presiding, it was decided to proceed with the application for the conversion of the sub-district into a district. The hon. secretary, Mr. F. J. Mehew was instructed to notify the central office of the sub-district's intention of severing their connection with Manchester. This has been done, and the subject came before the Committee of Administration on Saturday. It is proposed to retain the present title "North and East Lancashire" for the new district as well as the same area.

Mr. J. A. Taylor, formerly sub-editor on the staff of the *North Western Daily Mail*, Barrow-in-Furness, has joined the *Preston Herald* in a similar capacity.

The *Gillingham Record* has been purchased by Mr. S. F. Isitt and Mr. Arthur Allen, who have been adopted as Liberal candidates for North and East Dorset respectively. It is proposed to run the paper in the interests of their candidatures.

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, of the *Morning Leader*, delivered a most interesting lecture on "The Story of East Anglia," at St. Bride's Institute, in connection with the London Society of East Anglians.

Mr. W. Dawe, who was formerly associated with the *Western Daily Mercury* at Plymouth, and subsequently with the National Press Agency, London, has been appointed manager of the *Eastern Daily Telegraph*, Grimsby. He entered upon his new duties at the beginning of this month. Mr. A. Martin retains the position of editor of the paper.

Mr. Satchell, who for about twelve months was the Chippenham and district representative for the *Wiltshire Chronicle*, has received an appointment on the staff of the *Æobe Chronicle*, Japan, and his place has been taken by Mr. J. D. Butt, who formerly represented the *Wiltshire Times* at Warminster.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. P. W. G. Wilson, *Govan Press*, has joined the reporting staff of the Glasgow *Evening Citizen*, in room of Mr. A. Macleod, who is now in the sub-editing department of the *Citizen.*

At the annual meeting of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland District of the Institute of Journalists, the following were elected office-bearers for the year: Chairman, Mr. James Smith, *Dundee Advertiser;* Vice-chairmen, Mr. H. R. Dorrian, *Catholic Herald*, and Mr. James Beveridge, *Dunfermline Journal;* Secretary, Mr. Thos. Gibson, *Evening News;* Treasurer, Mr. A. Grant, *Glasgow Herald;* Representative to Council, Mr. J. D. Cockburn, *Glasgow Herald.*

Mr. James Muir, who has been the *Scotsman* representative at Leith for some time has resigned, and Mr. G. B. Small, *Leith Observer*, has been appointed to the vacancy.

Mr. Ian D. Colvin, who has been a few months on the reporting staff of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, has received an appointment in the London office of the *Indian Pioneer.* Mr. Colvin commenced his journalist career on the *Inverness Courier.*

Mr. Robert G. Mann, who received his early training on the *Banffshire Journal*, has been appointed commercial manager of the *Dumfries Courier and Herald.* He is meantime engaged on the *Galloway Gazette*, Newton-Stewart. Mr. Mann is a native of Banff.

WALES.

The proprietors of the *South Wales Daily News* are putting in a complete installation of the Hattersley type-composing machines.

ISLE OF MAN.

Mr. J. A. Irvine has been appointed one of the reporters for *Manx Sun.*

SOUTH AFRICA.

Surely the charge of want of literary taste cannot be urged against the Colony in the face of the recent large sale of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." During the first three days the booking, through medium of one paper only, reached over 100 sets. This was a record unobtainable by the *Times* in London itself.

NEW BOOKS.

DR. ABBOTT ON ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.*

It is clear that I cannot say much of these six hundred and sixty large pages in the same number of lines. But I would commend them to students of the New Testament, to critics and theologians, as furnishing, with admirable candour, no small addition to their means of following out certain long-debated problems, until they arrive at a solution which shall be true to the evidence. Dr. Abbott is well known both as a destructive and as a constructive enquirer into the sources of Christianity. Were one allowed to describe his method in a phrase—but phrases have their danger—it might be called "Rationalism tinged with a mystic or devotional colouring." In "Philochristus"—a singularly beautiful and even touching volume—we remark these two strains very curiously mingled. And here, as ever, they are visible. Yet nothing would be less fair than to imagine Dr. Abbott as a witness bent on forcing his own conclusion, or tilting the balance on one side. His "St. Thomas of Canterbury" presents in great abundance, and with consummate skill, the materials themselves which we are to judge; and if he sums up the points in dispute and offers a definite view, all that is so done as to leave us free while we form our own opinion; nor does it follow that in every instance we shall agree with him.

The drift of his book is criticism; the end he keeps before himself is to reach some principles, founded on fact, not simply antecedent to all knowledge of fact, in a difficult, abstruse, and controverted subject. "Recognised rules of criticism" hardly exist, though the Bible has been criticised time out of mind. We have seen schools rise and fall, Tübingen pass away, Strauss and Renan melt into their own mythical cloud; and, at this moment, a strong reaction favours the conservatives who never budged an inch during those floods and earthquakes. But we want science, not reaction. What is the evidence? What the truth of that evidence? "One reason why the criticism of the Gospels oscillates much and progresses little," says Dr. Abbott, "is that there has been little systematic study of other similar documents such as may be called synoptic (like our first three Gospels) or supplementary (like our fourth)." And he goes on to tell us that "the object of his treatise, so far as it bears on theology, is to supply a store of classified facts that no reasonable critic can afford to despise." (Pref, ix.)

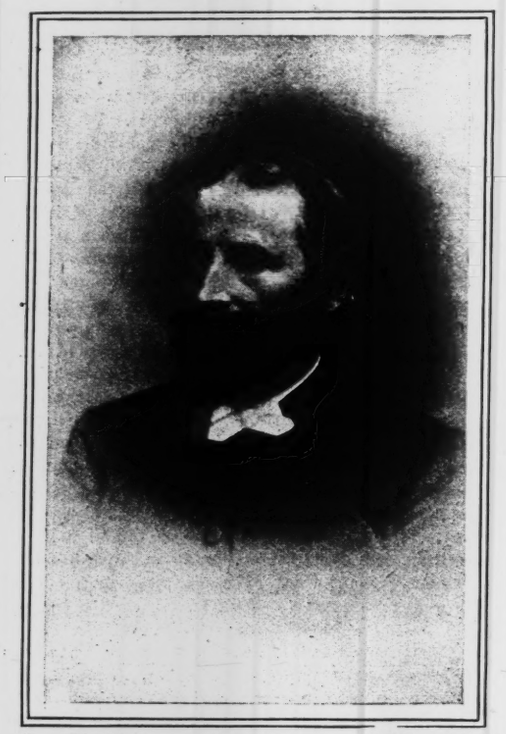
But why choose Thomas à Becket, his "Death and Miracles"? For the remarkable reason that there does run a most extraordinary parallel between the histories in which these events are set down and the Gospels. That coincidence, which is everywhere pursued through Dr. Abbott's six hundred pages, is summed up for us at the end of the second volume. I say, certainly a parallel in the histories; Dr. Abbott says, also in the Death and Miracles of St. Thomas and his Master Christ. "Two men put to death by the powers of this world as disturbers of its peace; two men who, after death, immediately began to appear in visions, with the marks of martyrdom upon them, and to utter words of help or warning, and to work mighty works of healing, sometimes imparting the power of curing disease in others, through appeal to the Saviour or the Martyr, sometimes reanimating the apparently lifeless in such circumstances as to suggest a veritable raising from the dead—here in itself is a parallel worth considering." (II., 307.)

The Voltaires and Humes of the last century would have considered it indeed; but for the undisguised purpose of laughing at Becket and his "Miracles," while hinting that the Master was such as His disciple—a fanatic or impostor, or both, who found plenty of imitators among the clergy, and was by them exploited for their private gain. Dr. Abbott insists on

* "St. Thomas of Canterbury: His Death and Miracles." By Edwin A. Abbott, M.A., D.D. 2 vols. 24s. (A. and C. Black.)

testing the evidence before pronouncing the word "imposture." And it is plentiful enough. Here we come upon the second parallel, that of the documents. "As there are four Gospels so were there four biographies of St. Thomas recognised in very early times as especially authoritative. Tatian in the second century made a harmony of the four Gospels called Diatessaron: Elias of Evesham made a harmony of the four Biographies, and called it *Quadrilogus*. . . . The fourth of our Gospels was written long after the three; so was the fourth of the authoritative lives. The fourth Gospel professes to be written by one who knew Jesus as a friend: the fourth Biography was actually written by St. Thomas's intimate friend and instructor in Scripture [Herbert of Bosham]. That Gospel makes no mention of demoniacs, and recounts few miracles: that Biography expressly claims that it is written to bring out the man, and implies that its object is that the man should emerge from the miracles under which he was in danger of being smothered." (II., 308-9.)

Dr. Abbott draws our attention to many other points of resemblance; these may suffice. The four "Biographies" in



From Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

DR. EDWIN A. ABBOTT.

question were composed by Herbert of Bosham; John of Salisbury, who was the Saint's "confidential adviser and companion in exile"; William of Canterbury, "who had been requested by the monks to compile a book about St. Thomas's miracles and present it to Henry II."; and Alan of Canterbury, Prior from 1179 to 1188, who prefixed John's short account, supplemented, to a volume of the Archbishop's correspondence. A later handling of the *Quadrilogus*, printed in 1495, long before the original, which did not appear in print until 1682, inserts passages from Edward Grim and Fitzstephen, both present when Becket was murdered in Canterbury, December 29th, 1170. There are five accounts of the Martyrdom founded on ocular testimony, and a sixth by Herbert of Bosham. A curious and interesting French poem on "La Vie de St. Thomas" was written by Garnier within a few years of the great event. Then there are many anonymous lives, of which one, ascribed to Roger of Pontigny, but owing all its merit, as Dr. Abbott holds, to Robert of Merton, is "far more trustworthy and far richer in facts than some of the four Biographies." And, not to draw out the list, there is the Icelandic "Saga of Thomas the Archbishop," which Mr. Eric Magnusson has edited.

All these materials the author sets before us, in parallel array, so far as they relate to the Martyrdom. But his two volumes include the account of the Miracles likewise,—or rather, two accounts, sometimes distinct, occasionally overlapping, due to Benedict and William, Monks of Canterbury, who were appointed to stay by the tomb, examine witnesses, keep a record of the evidence, and in all things to act as a commission of enquiry. This record begins with Benedict, a shrewd, rather sceptical, and manifestly cautious person, not intent upon style or diction, but simple and straightforward in his story-telling. The Miracles themselves are dated from within three days of Thomas's death. William, afterwards called in to help Benedict, was a classical scholar, perhaps an Irishman, "of fluent and versatile speech," often much more inclined to amuse or astonish his readers than to make sure of the truth in what he was narrating. This William plays a notable part in the second volume; nor is it possible to keep on studying him without sharing in the fun he himself enjoys, or being tickled and exasperated by his most unseasonable pedantry. Yet, on occasion, he is quite as good a witness as the graver Benedict, and sometimes a better one.

The conclusions at which Dr. Abbott arrives are naturally various; nor will I undertake to sketch them all. As regards facts, he decides that, on the whole, and especially at the beginning, there was little or no imposture. The circumstances precluded it, with an angry King, the whole country watching, the persons known, and the monks liable to disgrace and punishment if any were discovered. He is satisfied that Benedict, and in actual statement William also, endeavoured to find out the truth, and to give it as they found it. Moreover, he accepts, according as the evidence bears it out, every well-attested case of "faith-healing"; and he is ready to carry the principle very far indeed. But as the majority of instances fall under this head, his conclusion would be favourable to their having taken place, and to the influence of the Saint, invoked and believed in, as the chief cause of their happening. Still, however, he maintains that the order of Nature is inviolable (or so I understand him), and that whenever it is supposed to have given way—as when external phenomena, not internal or bodily, are in question—the narrative should be looked upon as a myth. Putting aside legends founded on misunderstanding—parables which degenerate into histories—Dr. Abbott would say, "This vision, or this thought"—of St. Thomas before the altar, clothed in white, with the streak of blood across his face—"resulted in a multitude of mighty works of healing, rescue from agony, restoration to peace and health." (II., 305.) In other words, the miracles did come to pass, and were due to faith, and faith in St. Thomas, and he, being dead, still worketh. He adds, "There is no more reason to doubt that Becket caused a religious revival than that Wesley and Whitefield did. The two chronicles agree in asserting that the miracles brought with them an uprising of moral and religious fervour, and indirectly prove it by multitudinous details recorded without controversial purpose. . . . It was not the Saxon against the Norman, it was the poor and weak oppressed against the rich and strong oppressor, that everywhere—alike in England and France and through the Latin-speaking world—rose up in the might of St. Thomas the Martyr, and decreed that he must be a Saint, even before the Papal edict had made him one." (II., 301.)

I am compelled to pass over the judicial handling of evidence on the details of the murder, masterly as it is; and I can but refer students to the maxims in criticism which a comparison of these narratives and their agreement or discrepancy will supply. But I cannot forbear quoting a passage from Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" that Dr. Abbott himself would be ready, I think, with very little change of terms, to adopt. "There is this gain accruing to the Catholic cause," wrote the Cardinal, "from the larger views we now possess of the operation of natural causes, viz., that our opponents will not in future be so ready as hitherto to impute fraud and falsehood to our priests and their witnesses, on the ground of their pretending or reporting things that are incredible. . . . They [our opponents] account indeed for the strange facts very differently from us; but still they allow that facts they were. It is a great thing to have our characters cleared; and we may reasonably hope that the next time our word is vouched for occurrences which appear to be miraculous, our facts will be investigated, not our testimony impugned."*

Dr. Abbott has investigated the Miracles of St. Thomas of Canterbury. It would seem desirable, and might be an advantage to science and criticism, that experts as fair and patient should look into the miracles reported from Lourdes, and publish their conclusions with the evidence which has led up to them.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Apologia," 304.

HENRY DRUMMOND. *

It was a chivalrous thing for one of his closest friends to undertake to write the life of Henry Drummond. Apart from all the inherent difficulties, which no one could know better than he, he has a double risk to face. On the one hand he can hardly fail to disappoint others who stood as close to Drummond as himself, but saw perhaps a different facet of his nature. Each of them may say that Dr. Smith has failed to seize and present the man *he* knew, and so to do justice to this rare personality. On the other hand no friend of Drummond could write about him for those who knew him not, without incurring suspicion of extravagance or adulation. Professor Smith has been so well aware of this last danger that he has evidently put restraint upon himself to display the flaws in logic or in science which have been detected in Drummond's work as a writer, and may well claim to be credited with the same candour in the rest of his picture. And as representing the large and intermediate class of those who though not of his most intimate friends both knew him and loved him, the present writer gives his testimony that Dr. Smith has successfully faced the difficulties and written a life of Drummond that is both adequate and just. It does not say more concerning his wonderful influence and the almost passionate loyalty he created than could be joyfully confirmed by hundreds of men throughout the world.

The case is not uncommon where a man's friends feel sadly that neither his own work nor their testimony can convey to the world a true measure of his greatness. But it is even peculiarly so in regard to Henry Drummond. This was a necessary consequence of the *métier* he adopted; for that *métier* was friendship. He was in the profoundest sense of the word a "minister." A man had only to need him to establish a claim on his time, sympathy, and service. And his ministry was effective, oftentimes healing, just because it was different in every case. He "gave himself with his gift" with a fulness which was sometimes overwhelming, and a consistency which was sometimes provoking. One longed sometimes that he would take—were it only in exchange. He never seemed to need—till those last two years when he needed what no man could give him, though many would have been found to say of him, as he said of Elmslie, "a hundred of us ought to have gone before him."

Drummond, therefore, deserves to be judged and requires to be known through the testimony of his friends. We would advise anyone taking up this book, having read the introduction, to turn at once to Chapter XII., the story of the Student Movement in Edinburgh, and the account of Drummond given by Mr. Newman, one who came upon him from outside, and found him in the midst of what he himself felt to be his greatest work. It ought to startle any indolent curiosity into the keenest interest. And even when we have gratefully laid down this book, we turn again to the volume entitled "The Ideal Life," and read in the Introduction the appreciation of the same personality from two other points of view.

The narrative related by Dr. Smith, largely with the aid of letters and journals, enhances our impression of two things which were most remarkable in Drummond, the singular versatility of his outward life, and the extraordinary tenacity with which through it all he pursued a single and a spiritual aim. Was ever a brief career so full of sensation, of what might have dazzled a man, distracted or dissipated his purpose? At twenty-three a religious revivalist on whose lips thousands hung, into whose ears hundreds poured their confessions of sin and of sorrow; he returns to be a humble student of Divinity. At thirty-three the literary hero of the year, his book read with avidity wherever English is spoken. Avenues open before him in all directions—in the Church, in politics, in science, in society, in university life. He looked along each of them and said, "that is not what I am here for." He put aside a pressing invitation from Mr. Gladstone himself to enter the House of Commons. With undivided allegiance he gave himself to the work of helping men as opportunity offered. And his tenacity is all the more remarkable that his purpose was one difficult to grasp or state, or to relate to any definite position, one which his friends must have felt, and possibly he himself in certain moods, to be humbler than the best of which he was capable. And yet he did his work; and one rises from the perusal of this book with the conviction that it was the work he was called to do. For one pictures the countless homes under every sky to which this volume will go, to quicken memories of old days when men who are now in the forefront of life's battle hung upon his teaching, and learnt from Drummond the secret of how to save their lives by losing them.

C. ANDERSON SCOTT.

* "The Life of Henry Drummond." By George Adam Smith. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THE LIFE OF R. W. DALE.*

Next to a man's own work a good biography is his best memorial. Hospitals or scholarships or institutions of any kind founded in commemoration of the great and good may or may not perpetuate their particular kind of influence, but certainly they do not increase our knowledge of them. A biography finds its way everywhere and diffuses acquaintance with the men whose living presence was a benediction, and whose memory is the seed of righteous endeavour. Dale, of Birmingham, if not a great man or a man of genius, did yet so solidly concentrate his powers on the work required by his generation, that it would be difficult to name anyone whose example is more worthy of perpetuation. The biographer, in spite of his natural reluctance to undertake the task, has succeeded in giving us a speaking likeness of his father. Probably those who knew Dale intimately will see no fault in it; those who had not that privilege will wish that the biographer had curtailed some parts of the book, and so made room for a fuller picture of his domestic and personal life. The hints that are given are tantalizing. On two occasions death entered his home, and the anguish that then tore the strong man is a more welcome revelation of his character than the somewhat too detailed criticisms of his minor publications and speeches. But no doubt these also will be valued by those whose wishes most deserved to be consulted, his old friends in Birmingham.

And, perhaps, as his son indicates, there was not much material for a full picture of his private and inner life. He was too busy, and in fact lived three lives. He was a great preacher and diligent, sympathetic pastor, a theologian and voluminous author, the most influential man of affairs in Birmingham. And to each of these callings he gave himself with an intensity which was bound to tell, and did seriously tell on his strength. It is this indeed which is so conspicuous and so admirable in Dale, the whole-hearted sincerity with which he gave himself to his work. When at Lucerne enjoying one of his few and brief holidays, he writes: "At this moment, when I raise my eyes, the Lake of Lucerne with its guardian mountains is before me—the noblest scenery, as some think, in all Europe; but I declare that there is nothing in this magnificent view which makes me feel half the thrill I have sometimes felt when I have looked down on the smoky streets of Birmingham from the railway, as I have returned to my work among you after a holiday. The thought of having to do, more or less directly, with all that mass of human thought and action, which is covered with the ceaseless smoke that hangs over us—the thought that you and I together may, with God's help, save multitudes—sends the blood through one's veins with an exultation and glow which the most magnificent aspects of the material universe cannot create." That is the spirit, and that also smacks of the eloquence which made him the impassioned preacher he was. Impelled by the instinct of the orator to open his lips in public when he was a boy of fifteen, he was possessed also by the spirit of enquiry which led him to form his own opinions by independent and sustained research and thought. So that although he took rank as one of the greatest orators of his time he also grew in strength as a theologian until his ablest contemporaries were glad to learn from him. What his preaching cost him may be gathered from the exactness with which he laid out his plan at the beginning of winter, and the tenacity with which he adhered to it. It may also be gathered from such incidents as this: "A member of the congregation at the close of a sermon that lasted for an hour, and had been preached amid a stillness most painful, nothing heard but the tones of the preacher, and during the pauses the ticking of the clock—a sermon on the sad and awful issues of a sinful life, and the glory and the joy of a life lived in Christ—said if Dr. Dale intends to preach like that I shall not come and hear him, for I cannot stand it; it goes through me. I spoke to Dr. Dale (says Mr. Barber) afterwards about the stillness, and said it was

* "The Life of R. W. Dale, of Birmingham." By his Son, A. W. W. Dale. With Portrait. 14s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

simply awful. 'Ah! yes,' he said, 'but it was more awful to me; it is hard to preach like that, but it must be done.'"

It was through his preaching that his theology grew. It was thought out in the presence of living men and in the clear knowledge of human hearts and human needs. Hence the powerful ethical strain in it, hence its freedom from technicalities and its persuasiveness. Comparable to Mozley in the massiveness and independence of his thinking, his intense sympathy with men gave his theology a different cast. How many are indebted to him for fitting in the keystone that makes the arch secure and saves it from being an ambitious failure. How many have found in his writings the reasonableness that renewed their faith in Christianity, the idea which gave consistency to their thought. As Dr. Fairbairn says in his instructive contribution to this volume, "We are forced to say that our generation has had no abler interpreter of Evangelical thought. His conspicuous merit was a depth that was never narrow, and a breadth that was never shallow. He was many-sided, rich in his interests, vivid in his speech, clear and compact in his thought, masterly in his collective influence. Were we to select a word to express his most distinctive quality, we should say he was *massive*."

His influence, however, was in his own lifetime felt quite as much in ecclesiastical controversy, in politics, and in municipal affairs as in theology. Into these slippery and turbulent arenas he carried a singular sense of justice, love of fair play and courtesy. And probably the man who carries the spirit of Christ into conflicts and remembers that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, does more good than years of preaching. Of course he was fusilladed with anonymous postcards. "There are no politics in heaven; there is where your heart should be; sad, sad, that it is otherwise." Even the genial Roman Catholic Vicar-General, Canon O'Sullivan, was moved to remonstrance: "Dale, when do you mean to quit politics and look after your soul?" But Dale rightly judged that the doing of duty is the surest care of the soul. The keynote of his public work was given in his Yale Lectures: "For men to claim the right to neglect their duties to the State on the ground of their piety, while they insist on the State protecting their homes, protecting their property, and protecting from disturbance even their religious meetings in which this exquisitely delicate and valetudinarian spirituality is developed, is gross unrighteousness."

Dale was right in throwing himself eagerly into municipal affairs. But those only should follow his example who possess his impersonality, his keen perception, his knowledge, and his sense of justice. It was his pure motive and firm moral nature which here, as in all his work, gave him his great influence. He carried Christianity into human affairs, into the turmoil of municipal life, and thereby set in motion cleansing forces which do not readily become impotent. His exposition of the principles of nonconformity, his defence of Congregationalism, his views on education, his opposition to the secularising of Sunday, these and all his various controversies were of distinguished service; but above all, the character he bore throughout, and the manner in which he made his opponents see the greatness of the principles involved, were the main contributions he made to his generation. The sources of his influence in the political, municipal, and social life of the community are well described by his son, "conviction of duty, deliberation in judgment, sagacity in counsel, earnestness in action, unreserved candour and unfaltering courage in declaring and maintaining the truth as he saw it; and with these his power of sustained argument and his gift of eloquent speech; and yet again his instinctive faculty of touch with all that was noble, or intellectual, or sympathetic in the minds of those who listened to him." "Dale of Birmingham" is a name which will long linger with a charm of its own among Congregationalists and all good men, for he was a man of whom his countrymen may well be proud, and from whom, through this admirable biography, they may yet learn much that tends to strengthen and to elevate.

MARCUS DODS.

BYRON'S LETTERS.*

The second volume of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron's Letters and Journals comprises Byron's correspondence from the death of his mother, August, 1811, to the end of 1813, with his journal from November, 1813, to April, 1814. It consequently contains the history of the sudden development of his poetical renown, from the morning when, after the appearance of the first cantos of "Childe Harold," "he awoke and found himself famous," to the publication of the "Bride of Abydos." How much more, both of sublimity and of satire, lay in him than could have been inferred from the "coarse music," as Shelley called it, of these early compositions, was as little suspected by himself as by the world. But, though the poet of this period is rudimentary, the man is adult. It is remarkable how entirely in one respect Byron the letter-writer differs from Byron the poet. While the besetting sin of his serious poetry is a constant suspicion of pose and insincerity, only excusable on the theory that affectation is to him nature, the Byron of the letters is in essentials candid with himself and transparent to his fellows. Some literary affectation must be acknowledged; he begins the volume by forbidding his manuscripts to be shown to Gifford, whom ere long he is almost entreating to read them, and ends by pretending to regret the appearance of an American edition of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, of which he must in reality have been proud. When literary repute is not in question, the whole mind of the writer is revealed, and easy frankness is almost as remarkable in the letters as the absence of it in the poems. The cause, no doubt, is that he never contemplated the publication of his correspondence. He was great enough for simplicity when left to himself, not great enough to resist the temptation of draping himself for the view of others. The publication of his letters, therefore, with no more reserve than propriety and good feeling imperatively enjoin, is advantageous to his memory. The completeness of this collection, compared with its predecessors, is shown by the editor's statement that it adds 236 letters to Moore's edition, 196 to Halleck's, and 157 to Mr. Henley's.

The question of the publication or suppression of private correspondence is a difficult one. Many outrages on good taste and right feeling have undoubtedly been committed by indiscriminate publication; on the other hand, the reputation of not a few eminent persons would stand higher but for their fastidiousness or that of their representatives. As the question is not unlikely to arise with reference to Moore's treatment of Byron's letters, it is worth while to point out that Moore's position was different from Mr. Prothero's. Moore was not editing Byron's correspondence, but writing his life, and the letters only concerned him as material. He was consequently entirely justified in omitting irrelevant details. How he dealt with the letters addressed to himself cannot be known, as these are not forthcoming, but the letters from Byron to Murray, which he published with omissions, here appear complete, and his omissions seem in general justifiable. He leaves out, for instance, a passage showing that Byron had at one time certain books in his possession which he thought it seemly or prudent to destroy. Such a detail, equally invidious and insignificant in a biography, is omitted with great propriety in Moore's Life; when the letters come to be reprinted on their own merits as a British classic the case is altered, and what Moore did well to omit, Mr. Prothero has done well to restore. So far as can be judged from the specimens before us, Moore's omissions are in general equally defensible; it may be more difficult to vindicate him when we arrive at the later period when, Mr. Prothero says, he will be found to have transplanted passages from one letter into another, and sometimes to have combined two letters into one. Judged from the standpoint of biographer, not of editor, it will perhaps appear that even in these high-handed proceedings "Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause." We can discover no cause, just or unjust, for the frequent omission in this volume of the asterisks indicating retrenchments from Moore's text, which Moore himself is most conscientious in supplying. It would also have been convenient to have distinguished the letters peculiar to this edition by asterisks, either in the text or in the table.

Generally speaking, the period of this correspondence is one of transition; the young poet's sphere is widening; his early intimacies, though not relinquished, occupy less of his thoughts as he extends his acquaintance with men of mark, and feels himself becoming a power in the world. The prevailing tone is one of deep discontent; his excellent sense shows him that neither his life nor his writings are what they ought to be; but it is impossible for him to be other than an egotist, and egotism is selfishness, and selfishness misery. This feeling ultimately drove him to insurgent Greece, a kill or cure remedy. In

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised, and enlarged edition, with illustrations. Letters and Journals. Vol. 2. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. 6s. (Murray.)

exterior affairs the period is one of distress from debt and alarm from bailiffs, though one receipted bill (for soda water) demonstrates that Byron's liquidations, though rare, were not absolutely unknown. It is also in some degree a period of reaction as well as development as concerns his poetical reputation. The gourd which had grown up in a night would have withered in a day if it had depended upon the Tory papers, some of whose diatribes, reprinted by Mr. Prothero in an appendix, viewed in connection with their effect upon Byron, prove the debasement of journalism in that day, and the incredible vulnerability of genius.

The volume is illustrated by Westall's striking and probably lifelike portrait of Byron; and by portraits of Moore, Lady Oxford, and Byron's Bettina, Lady Caroline Lamb. The page's habit well becomes this half-insane, elvish, mischievous, but with all her provoking infirmities, lovable person. We wish that Mr. Prothero, who has quoted some of her sayings respecting Byron, had found room for her last utterance in a letter to Godwin, printed in Mr. Kegan Paul's biography: "Hobhouse came to me last night; how strange it is I love Lord Byron so much now in my old age, in despite of all he is said to have said, that I also love Hobhouse because he so warmly takes his part." In general, the biographical notes and other addenda of the editor's are models of lucid and accurate information, as the book is of careful printing. We have noticed one insignificant error, Twisden for Twysden as the maiden name of the Countess of Jersey. R. GARNETT.

[From Photo by] MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS (C. E. RAIMOND.) [Dupont, New York.

THE OPEN QUESTION.*

"The Open Question" is a novel which it is impossible to ignore. For good or for evil, for praise or for blame it is one about which every critic interested in present-day fiction must have a definite opinion. The very force and power of the book come to us as a challenge.

It is not at a first reading that one can accept the challenge or assume the critic's task. The painstaking analysis and laborious detail of the earlier part command our attention and respect, and if not our admiration, at least our approval. But there are jokes, children's Scriptural jokes, so flat and stale and unprofitable as to trip us up with a continually repeated sense of annoyance, that even Val's exhilarating optimism cannot overcome. And that is saying a good deal, for Val is a splendid Pagan, brimming with life and the love of life, greedily eager to live through the whole gamut of earthly happiness, an incarnation of buoyant, irresponsible, fascinating egotism. Let us eat drink and be merry was her motto, let us wring (no matter who suffers) all the pleasure we can from life, and then slip out of sight before the bill comes in. But shirking of consequences is said to be a woman's way, and assurely Val and her lover did not make up a man between them. Ethan is a type of the least estimable variety of decadent young man, a weakling and a coward, loving the girl because he was too weak to resist her, submitting half-heartedly to her imperious will, vacillating, shrinking, and hysterically bemoaning himself in his diary, ready to be drawn aside with visible relief, by every chattering girl or society lady that came in his way, and kept to some sort of outward fidelity and honour, and to the fulfilment of his "compact" at last, by the mere force of the woman's determined purpose. Womanlike she was the plaything of her feelings, and he had no strength to lend her. No, it is not a pleasant nor an elevating spectacle, this which C. E. Raimond has offered us—a man and woman shirking their share of human responsibility, deliberately choosing the more ignoble part, and using their higher faculties only to find the more elaborate scheme of selfishness. We admit the power of the book. We are conscious of the seething whirl of passion which sweeps the reader on to a breathless close, and drowns criticism in a wave of sympathetic emotion. It is not at a first reading that anyone will condemn the book, nor at any reading that anyone will deny the writer's talent. But it will not bear thinking over. The view of life it presents is morbid, unwholesome, and demoralising. The only genuine bit of lasting excellence is the character of Mrs. Gano, the grandmother of hero and heroine. There is bone and muscle in it and a strength that leaves her memory with us after repeated readings as the one first-rate thing in the book—the one thing that rings true. For the rest we can only regret that a writer of such marvellous and exceptional ability should have chosen to build her house upon the sand. H. R.

* "The Open Question." By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)

FROM THE GOLDEN LEGEND.*

These are pages, daintily composed, quaintly lighted up with bright and gleaming phantoms, out of a world now seemingly gone from us, which the Monk Felix might have read, and, in some sort, written. They take us into the dim forest, among legends, myths, parables, the tender, severe, suggestive, haunting Aberglaube, which has sprung up round the Catholic Church, and cannot die until poetry itself shall be extinct. A perfect book for Christmastide: I hope it will find its way into the hands of many children. One little girl I know, something like the W. V. who is our author's companion, that will take huge delight in all the stories of "Golden Apples and Roses Red"; in "The Dream of the White Lark," and "The Little Bedesman of Christ"; and "The Guardians of the Door"; but who will shrink and be just frightened, but will read on, when she comes to "The Seven Years of Seeking," and will pursue in her sleep, with dread and astonishment, the adventures of Rheinfrid

* "A Child's Book of Saints." By William Canton. With Nineteen Full-Page Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. 5s. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

through many worlds. They are lovely stories; nor could they be more charmingly told.

Epithets, I know, are nothing—merely subjective—interjections which the critic should spin out into grave sentences, analyzing his cup of wine instead of drinking it down. I will leave that office to others just now. But impressions may count. When I had finished reading this book, and its colours were still floating in the air about me, I thought as by instinct, "Was there ever anything so beautiful in the world, past or present, as the Catholic Church?" Prejudice, quite natural in a priest, one will say. Yes, natural enough. But then, I was comparing with the dreams of day or night, here unfolded as on a great piece of tapestry, other dreams—the Fourteenth Book of the Iliad which I had been studying lately, much enamoured of it; and certain Eastern poems, blazing like the sun at its height; and I was not forgetting the Norseman or the heathen Celts of Erinn; and yet, these medieval Catholic illuminations bore away the palm. Why was it? Perhaps they had in them a mingling of all the colours, touched by some new magic; for the wistfulness of the Celt, and the wildness of the Norseman, and the burnished gold of the Eastern, and the purple and white of Christian faith and martyrdom, all were here, if one kept on looking. Call the whole thing a mythology—but where was any like it? And a dream, says Mr. Canton; therefore incomparably beautiful; as the horizon which draws us on, but which we shall never take hold of with our hands.

It has not become so utterly a dream. I know those who have lived in that world; I have lived in it myself. Not by mere imaginative reconstruction, as this book idealizes and puts together its mosaic from the stones of fire, but in simple fact and daily experience. The great stone forest which breaks out from its sleep after nightfall, and sings all through it, from altar to organ-loft, is with us yet; for a multitude, I daresay, enchanted as any Forest of Broceliande, but for every one that will, a living temple. I do not say this controversially; what have we to do with controversy? asks Mr. Canton; and I ask too. But with reality, with actual experience, we are always concerned. Since folk-lore, instead of peering into mouldy manuscripts, has taken to questioning live people, tribes in the far-off seas and neighbours in the village, it has been taught much, and especially this, that what seems dead and antiquated in one place may be flourishing in another. These figures of old saints, hermits, anchorites, pilgrims, and the rest, are by no means clean gone out of existence. "The Golden Legend" is still acted in our monasteries—the true one, not Longfellow's, which, for all its prettiness, will not express ten thousand most touching details, well known to us who have seen them.

I praise Mr. Canton's style, though a little too soft here and there; and his manipulation of the Latin, which has so thrilling an effect; and his sympathetic tone, as free from adulation as from the bitter taste of Puritanism. But, in view of certain charges and a quarrel that is always breaking out—as though Catholic instincts favoured harsh treatment of our brethren, the lower creation—I would beg even serious persons to look at page 200 and those that follow, in "The Story of the Lost Brother." That is our theology which they will find there, the mild doctrine and gentle practice of St. Kieran of Saighir, St. Francis, St. Columba, St. Malo, St. Meinrad, St. Kentigern, and all the saints; as it is written in the Book of the Prophet Hosea, "In that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground." The Saint is always a second Adam; his world round about him is Paradise, the garden of God; and he names the creatures one by one, and knows them severally; and for them, too, in his neighbourhood there is peace. Mr. Canton has learned so much from "The Golden Legend"; there are Catholics who seem to require, now and then, that they should be put in mind of what their own Saints have taught them.

WILLIAM BARRY.

HUNGARIAN LITERATURE.*

The British public owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Reich for his interesting epitome of Hungarian Literature, and, considering the limited space at his disposal, he has, on the whole, done his work remarkably well. The book was certainly much wanted, and will do good if it only whets the appetite of the reader for more information about a country which, remote though it be from us both linguistically and geographically, has, nevertheless, strange though it may sound, more in common with us than any of the other European nations, except perhaps the Scandinavian. Thus, from time immemorial, both Englishmen and Hungarians have loved liberty above all things, and have always striven to consolidate their liberties in parliamentary institutions. In the second place, both races are essentially dominating races, and have always successfully asserted themselves as against other races often numerically superior. Again, the youth of both nations have an intense love of sport of all sorts; and finally, home life, and especially home life in the country, as we understand it, finds its exact counterpart in the land of the Magyars. Moreover, particular affection has always been felt for England in Hungary ever since we sheltered the Hungarian refugees after the catastrophe of 1848-1849, and our literature has no more attentive and appreciative students than the Magyars. It is only natural, therefore, that we should want to learn to know more of this generous and sympathetic people, and Dr. Reich's book is certainly a contribution towards a better understanding. And the Hungarian literature is well worth studying for its own sake. Although very little more than a century old (and therefore the youngest of all the greater European literatures except the Russian) it can already boast of at least seven poets and nine novelists of the highest rank, while its contributions to historical, dramatic, and critical literature are at least respectable. Taking into consideration the very limited space at his disposal, Dr. Reich has succeeded in giving us a very intelligible and accurate *aperçu* of the lie of the land, so to speak. We differ from him indeed in some few particulars. Thus, for instance, we think he unduly disparages Eötvös's great social satire, "A falu jegyzöje," and his enthusiasm for the mighty genius of Petöfi makes him almost unjust towards the equally illustrious Arany. And what, pray, was Dr. Reich thinking about when he could write thus of the novels of Maurus Jokai: "There is nothing majestic in them, nothing grave, nothing truly sad or melancholy"? What! nothing majestic in the author of the majestic descriptions of scenery unrolled before us in the sublime panorama of Carpathian scenery in "Erdély arany kora" ("'Midst the Wild Carpathians")! Nothing grave in the author of the noble and touching scenes which mark the conclusion of that great masterpiece, "A Hungarian Nabob"! Nothing "truly sad or melancholy" in the author of such overwhelming pictures of lurid and tragic gloom as "Pretty Michel," or "Gloomy Days" (Szomoru napok)! We rub our eyes with astonishment and involuntarily ask ourselves how many of Jokai's masterpieces Dr. Reich can really have read, especially when we notice that he gives a list of only thirteen of the master's one hundred and fifty works, and of these thirteen two at least are comparatively inferior. On the other hand, it is only fair to add that for some aspects of Maurus Jokai's manifold genius Dr. Reich has a fine critical eye, as the following extract sufficiently shows: "He has carried one great gift of his nation to the heights of real greatness. We repeat it, he is the greatest of all improvisatori in prose. Nothing can approach his miraculous facility in building up a fascinating scene; in irradiating the heaviest and most cumbrous subjects with light and humour. . . . Young and old; Hungarian, Englishman, or German; man or woman; they must all stand still and listen to the charmer."

We congratulate Dr. Reich on the fluency and general grammatical accuracy of his English; in a foreigner it is really astonishing. Nevertheless it is pretty evident here and there that a foreigner and not an Englishman is the author of the book. Thus, *e.g.*, "Egalitarian," "parlature," "principate" for principality, "sacred anger" instead of holy anger, "no less than" instead of no fewer than, "politic" for political, to take only a very few instances at random, are not allowable in correct English, and what in the name of wonder is the meaning of the following extraordinary sentence: "He is one of the numerous Titans of the Hungarian capital who cannot do anything half-way creditable [sic] unless they fail to gain reputation"?

Still, these are slight and easily remediable defects in a conscientious and useful book which we confidently expect to go through numerous editions and which we can confidently recommend to all students of literature.

R. NISBET BAIN.

* "Hungarian Literature." An historical and critical survey. By Emil Reich. 6s. (Jarrold and Sons.)

IRISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.*

The author set forth, he tells us, to write a book which should give "a clear, full and faithful picture of Irish life and character," and his effort has been attended with no small measure of success, as large a portion of success as could perhaps be expected, for to give a wholly life-like and convincing presentment of the Irish character is, we believe, impossible. What is this Irish character, of which no one but an Irishman can have any complete understanding? Has not someone likened it to an April day, a perplexing medley of sunshine and shower, sorrow chased by laughter? Mr. MacDonagh paints very clearly the character of the Irish peasant: "They are at once wild and reckless, and sober and shrewd. At one moment they are gay and lighthearted, and the next they are plunged into the deepest depths of grief. They are an emotional race. They have not the equable, stolid and self-centred temperament of the Anglo-Saxons. They are, admittedly, possessed of finer, acuter, and more sensitive feelings. They accordingly obtain more fun out of their pleasures, and more pain out of their sorrows, than their neighbours."

From Photo by [*Webster Brothers, Clapham.*

MR. MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

If we have any quarrel with the author, it is that he has drawn too many pictures of the past and too few of the present. Doubtless his method has resulted in a book full of the most entertaining stories, many fresh, some old and good friends, but after all such a work would have been more useful and more enlightening if it had dealt chiefly with the present aspect of life and character in Ireland, the more so as both have changed considerably since the mournful days of the great famine. But having had our grumble, let us heartily thank Mr. MacDonagh for a veritable orgy of fun; the good stories are as thick as plums in a wedding-cake, and as rich; yet he has not forgotten, as Moore said of his countrymen,

> So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
> That our laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried.

Among many passages which we would especially commend to the attention of English readers are some very enlightening comments on the ludicrous attempts made to reproduce the Irish dialect in writing by Anglo-Saxon writers, to most of whom it will be a surprise to learn that no Irishman says "swape" or "kape" or "praste," or ever drops an "h."

Another passage will bear quoting:—"Sympathy with the wrong-doer is confined to political and agrarian crimes. It is due to the loyalty of the peasant to his *caste* and to his belief that recourse to 'the wild justice of revenge' for what he conceives to be wrong and oppression is justifiable. Besides, the criminal is usually a good father or husband, a devoted son, an excellent neighbour, for in considering this phase of Irish character the strange fact must be noted that, as the criminal records of the country prove, some of the most appalling crimes, political and agrarian, have been committed by men of otherwise blameless lives." A good story is told of the peculiar mixture of feelings with which a tenant regards his landlord; two members of the Ribbon Society lay one day behind a ditch with loaded guns, awaiting their landlord, who, however, did not come so soon as expected. At last one says to the other, "Isn't the masther a mortal long time comin'?" "Bedad, he is," was the reply, "I hope no axidint has happened to the poor gintleman."

A word about Mr. MacDonagh's chapter on "Bulls," in which, true Irishman, he perpetrates a delicious one himself. In a later chapter he very sufficiently defines an Irish bull as "due to confusion of ideas, or rather to the thought being too rapidly uttered to be correctly and adequately expressed in words." Quite so; why then does he cite as "bulls" a number of malapropisms? A bull—at least an Irish one—is always sense expressed in a whimsical, nonsensical manner, as, to quote an example from our author, "Sure half the lies tould about me by the naighbours isn't thrue."

We trust this capital book will meet with the great success it deserves, affording as it does a brilliant example of that most unusual combination, instruction and entertainment.

W. T.-S.

* "Irish Life and Character." By Michael MacDonagh. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

GEORGE SAVILE, MASTER-TRIMMER.*

Hitherto the great statesman of the Revolution was exclusively Macaulay's Halifax. Though other historians have more or less grudgingly owned his high merit, he has survived only as Macaulay painted him, in colouring rich and spirited, but beyond his wont permanent and convincing. One by one the many puppets whom the great biographer had engrossed are being captured by marauders, who spin their toils of learning and research around a single figure, then pounce down and carry it off. To-day a bold attempt is made to capture the illustrious Trimmer.

Though the author's name is new to one wholly ignorant of literary gossip, it may be already well known in connection with previous works. None are, however, referred to on the title page, nor can I even tell whether the simple and enigmatical initials of the name are due merely to the reticent modesty which graces the Preface, and indeed the whole work, or to a feminine concealment of femininity. This mystification is always annoying to a critic who advocates the equality but denounces the confusion of the sexes. If to a lady we really owe this most able and scholarly work, so much the greater her merit; and in deference to her implied wishes I shall suppose her of the more worthy sex, just as I always reply with the respectful address of "Sir" when accosted on the roads by those hideous cycling hermaphrodites in men's coats, shirts, collars and ties, and with nothing feminine about them but their impudence and some vestiges of skirt. So in Mr. Foxcroft I venture to welcome a new historian whose first serious undertaking at once assumes something of the dignity of a standard work. Higher success there can be none; but after all it almost follows from the choice of so elevated a subject, and from a preparation so minute and an execution so conscientious.

The interest of Savile's Life and Letters is mainly historical and political. These columns are therefore not suited to its criticism. A few first impressions, however, may here be set down. I am disposed to trust its scrupulous accuracy. There are a few misprints, and just one or two of those slips on outside subjects, usually so abundant in the pages of a specialist. Though in general knowledge and culture Mr. Foxcroft is more than a specialist, a specialist he is of the strictest sect. The main feature of the book is its completeness, even to the index. No fact is shut out; what cannot be got into the text is squeezed into the footnotes, or into the appendices to each

* "Life and Letters of the first Marquis of Halifax. With a new Edition of his Works, now for the first time collected and revised." By H. C. Foxcroft. In two vols. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

chapter. This fulness appeals strongly to the historical student, but the philosopher will complain we are rarely brought very near to the Man as distinct from the Politician. The reason for this is twofold.

In the first place, the Man cannot be easily recovered, only conjectured. George Savile, the Master-Trimmer, the Father of Opportunism, was of all statesmen the most English. Destitute of the fire and force of conviction which burned in Chatham and Gladstone, he far surpasses both in political sagacity, in adaptation of ways to means, and in his profound intuition of the workings of the popular, that is the average, English mind. Thus was he able to render to his country in his cautious, prosaic way, great—perhaps unparalleled service. To his policy we owe that novel experiment in government, the Revolution-Compromise, which William carried through, and which in spite of—and perhaps because of—its anomalies, survived till 1867 under the name of the British Constitution. But this success he achieved by reason of a causticity, a wariness, a self-concentration, a reserve, an elusive personality, or rather an impersonality, which veils from us such inner life as he ever led. Of the statesman we only know as much as he chose that we should know; of the man in his domestic and private relations, little more than a few bare facts and dates. His letters, so plentifully printed in full, strike me, at least the earlier ones, as tedious and commonplace—mere business communications by no means lucidly expressed, or exaggerated compliments. The model business-man is a public benefactor, but he is not picturesque, and his life must ever be the despair of his biographer.

The other reason is Mr. Foxcroft's modesty—or perhaps a certain reticence caught from long converse with his hero. He expressly disclaims "obtruding his own opinions," and contents himself with supplying material for our judgment. Thus we get no general criticism, no sympathetic appreciations of Halifax at different points of his career; and these we sorely miss. Possibly they may be found in the article (*English Historical Review*, October, 1896) on Savile's works, which "formed a brief epitome" of the present book. This article we must read.

I ought to have reserved more space for the works of Halifax. They form one of the seven wonders of literary history. For these reasons. Their amount is so small—scarcely half a volume. They consist of the excellent little treatise, "Advice to a Daughter" (so frequently reprinted and translated), of half a dozen political pamphlets, and two collections of political maxims and reflections. On this narrow basis a brilliant reputation has been deservedly reared. No critic has ever denied this. Even Mackintosh allows "his brilliant genius," and "such poignant and easy wit, such lively sense, so much insight into character and so delicate an observation of manners as could hardly have been surpassed by any of his contemporaries of Versailles"—where, be it said, Montaigne was studied less closely than in England. Now his earliest work was not written till, I think, his fifty-second year—ten years before his death. At once we find him writing with all the consummate skill and ease of an "old hand," with a style of his own, accurately balanced and curiously modern in its directness and disdain of the classical allusion and ornament of his day. At once it raises him to the first rank of English authors. But here is the wonder. He never was an author at all. His works were always anonymous. Moreover, not one page was ever publicly assigned to him till 1700—five years after his death—when his collected works appeared as the "Miscellany." Why this talent so sparingly employed? Why this indifference to literary fame? Because, though to the manner born, literature was not his adopted trade, but politics. Brought up to that business, he followed it strictly, devoting himself more and more to the delicate task of *trimming* the Boat of State as it lurched to either extreme. Scribbling was not his profession. Once indeed he wrote to instruct his child, and perhaps also to amuse himself. But his famous pamphlets were not meant for literature, but were simply political tools forged to work upon the public opinion of the day, and their purpose fulfilled, to be forgotten—just as statesmen nowadays send long letters to the *Times*, signed "Historicus," "A Female Ratepayer," "A Yorkshire Vicar," and so on. When in the course of business a tract had to be written, Halifax sat down and did his best, and there was an end of it. How he would stare to find himself among the great English prose-writers! His Maxims and Reflections were probably a mere private collection. The curious "Character of Charles II.," indeed, whatever its genesis, is certainly literary in form. All his extant journals and notes are just the reverse, mere private business-memoranda. The so-called "Memoirs," since destroyed, were probably of the same character. If he had written anything more, we should easily recognise it. Savile's works then are in quantity small, in quality very great. But what to me is so suggestive is, that in them, and not in his letters, does he reveal himself as a thinker and writer of singular freedom, facility, and grace. And that, just because, writing anonymously, he could allow himself to be himself, which the business-man can rarely be, unless he is nothing more than a business-man. Frankly, I find Halifax rather a dreary celebrity to read about, but a lively one to read, and thus return to my starting-point, that it was his acquired professional caution and reserve—in spite of his earlier sarcastic sallies—which must always make his biography unworthy of his genius. For a genius he was, intellectual, political, and literary, a man among the greatest and most versatile in affairs whom the two practical races, the Roman and the English, ever brought forth. In enlarging his fame and holding up his patriotic example, Mr. Foxcroft's eminent ability and exhaustive labours have been worthily emplo ed.

Y. Y.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON ON THE DATES OF THE PSALMS.*

This book addresses itself to the most difficult of the more important questions of Old Testament criticism. All that external evidence really tells us about the complete Psalter is that it was probably in existence before B.C. 100. The Psalms are for the most part short hymns, very many of them expressing sentiments, which—at first sight, at any rate—strike us as having been common to pious souls in all ages. As Prof. Robertson tells us, "Perhaps no one now will seek to defend the authenticity of the titles," p. 38. One problem, therefore, presented by the Psalter, is that of determining the date and authorship of each of a hundred and fifty short anonymous hymns. To fix the period during which the Psalter and the various collections it includes were compiled does not solve this problem. Our book deals with a special aspect of the question of the age and authors of individual psalms.

It is a most interesting and useful book. Of course there is much that would be challenged by any one occupying, as the present writer does, a slightly different standpoint from that of the author. The introductory letter in 2 Maccabees, which is quoted as stating that Nehemiah collected the works of David, also states that the tabernacle and the ark followed Jeremiah to Sinai and were hidden by him in a cave. Again, it is misleading to say that "the Chronicler, when he found details already related . . . . shows his want of bias by faithfully transferring them to his pages." If "faithfully" means that the Chronicler acted in perfect good faith, we agree; but compare his account of the coronation of Joash with that in Kings; note how he substitutes the late post-exilic Levitical guard for the mercenaries of the Davidic kings. Surely he has a bias for supposing that, in the time of Joash, the Temple was organised as it was in his own days. These points might be multiplied, but we do not wish to dwell on such matters. The book is mainly a polemic against the view of Cheyne and Smend that the Psalter is, with the very slightest exceptions, post-exilic. If we say that the author writes as an advocate, we do not mean to depreciate the book; most critics who have arrived at a theory do the same. Prof. Robertson's name implies sound and ample scholarship, and critical insight; and the book is a careful and serious piece of work. Though a polemic, its temper is admirable throughout, and the views and arguments he controverts are stated with great fairness. It does not discuss individual Psalms, except incidentally; such discussion is perhaps reserved for a sequel. Practically, it is an argument to show, from a study of history and literature, that it is quite as probable that a large number of Psalms are pre-exilic, and even Davidic, as that they are all post-exilic. "The aim . . . has been to vindicate for the Psalms an earlier place in the history of Israel, and a higher place in the religion of the Old Testament, than a modern school of criticism" (*i.e.*, Cheyne, Smend, etc.) "is willing to concede to them," p. 352. David "was a psalmist, and the first and greatest

* "The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms." By James Robertson, D.D., Prof. of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow. The Croall Lectures, 1893-4. (Blackwood.)

psalmist," p. 168; there are many psalms whose contents would be consistent with Davidic authorship. But "it may not be possible for us to identify the psalms which are David's, and to tell precisely whose are the others," p. 359. Space forbids our noticing many other interesting points, and we can only make two or three general remarks on the book as a whole.

In England, at any rate, Cheyne's conclusions are still rather under consideration than generally accepted, even by scholars who are not extremely conservative; *e.g.*, Driver still (Introd. Sixth Edn.) suggests that an appreciable number of Psalms are pre-exilic, and we are not aware that A. B. Davidson has withdrawn his objections to such views as Smend's on pre-exilic religion in Israel. Again, denial of the integrity of certain books and uncertainty as to the date of many passages, have aggravated the difficulty of ascertaining the relation of the Psalms to pre-exilic religion. Every scholar will heartily sympathise with our author in this matter. But when he seeks to set aside all the recent analysis of the historical and prophetical books in a sentence, he gives up his case as far as many of his readers are concerned. The net impression left by this book is, first, that one may agree with the author so far as to say that a pre-exilic date for some psalms has not been proved improbable; secondly, that if so able and learned an advocate cannot construct a stronger case for definite results, we must abandon the hope of identifying Davidic Psalms, or of showing conclusively that any considerable portion of the Psalter is older than the closing period of the monarchy.

W. H. BENNETT.

LEWIS CARROLL.*

The personality of Mr. C. L. Dodgson is as elusive as one of his own mathematical problems. We have read this biography with the utmost care, and are as far as ever from any real understanding of the man—unless it be understanding him to admit him an enigma. One thing, however, his history makes plain, and that is that there was no such extraordinary divergence of disposition and habit between the "Lewis Carroll" of "Alice" and the C. L. Dodgson of the "Determinants" and the "Algebraical Geometry" as is popularly supposed. His was most emphatically *not* a "dual personality." The separation was arbitrary, and of his own choice. He would not have the names identified—that was all. The taste for quips and cranks of logic, for curious and tantalizing puzzles, for the grotesqueries of scientific imagination, is the form in which humour and fancy, in almost any mathematician, find their natural expression. It is the obverse of his special talent.

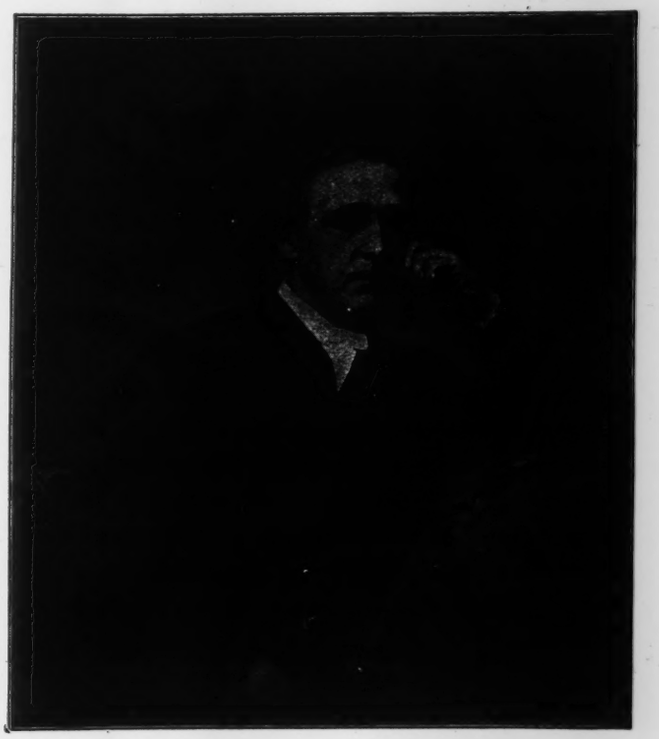
In Mr. Dodgson the quaint fancifulness was especially prominent. It found its fullest expression in "Alice in Wonderland" and the rest of "Lewis Carroll's" books, but it pervades also his more serious works. It was "Lewis Carroll" who wrote the syllogism:—

> No bald person needs a hair-brush;
> No lizards have hair;
> ∴ No lizard needs a hair-brush.

But it was C. L. Dodgson who issued his most elaborate mathematical work, "Euclid and his Rivals," in the form of a dialogue, full of the lightest play of humour, between the Ghost of Euclid and two distracted college examiners, Rhadamanthus and Minos. It is a brilliant defence of Euclid, and is at the same time most entertaining reading. Here is an example of its style. The book under discussion is Henrici's "Elementary Geometry":—

> *Minos* (addressing the Ghost of Professor Niemand): I can't resist giving you just one more tit-bit—the definition of a square on p. 123: "A quadrilateral which is a kite, a symmetrical trapezium and a parallelogram, is a square!" And now, farewell, Henrici! "Euclid, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

It was his quaintnesses that gave "Lewis Carroll" his attraction, and it is the continual reference to them that supply the good reading in this biography—for good reading there is, though Mr. Dodgson Collingwood is not a Boswell. The letters are delightful, and the repeated glimpses of well-known personalities—Tennyson's, for example—are worth having. Undoubtedly there was much that was lovable in his nature—there could not but be in a man who was the friend of so many little children and so many good women. Weakness there was unquestionably, but men are not always least lovable in their weakest moods. Even a strong man likes to play with his work occasionally, and if "Lewis Carroll" made the play the foremost thing—well! we may not be the more informed, but we are the happier for it. The biography is not one that we should wish to dwell upon, or read repeatedly, or which we find especially invigorating or inspiring, but it is one in which we can find pleasure. It is not an impartial account, nor would it be any more to the writer's credit if it were. It is an affectionate biography, and affection must always be partial. It is all the pleasanter for that, and very likely all the truer. But it is "Alice in Wonderland," and not Mr. Collingwood's "Life," which will secure the name of "Lewis Carroll" from oblivion.



Lewis Carroll.

From "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll." (Unwin.)

* "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson)." By Stuart Dodgson Collingwood. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

A NEW IRISH NOVELIST.*

For some unexplained reason the majority of Irish writers in writing of their own country have chosen to be idealists. It may be because of the prickles we are so ready to put up in defence of our own against English or any other opinion. It may be, and no doubt is in some instances which rise to the mind, because the writer's mind is idyllic and naturally turns to what is most congenial. Again, it may be because some Irish writers are really in blood and surroundings English or something else, but not Irish, and so, however long established in the country, write from the outside. In any case the result has been a conspiracy of silence, and certain dark shades in the Celtic character have been left untouched by almost every writer since that dreary Celtic genius, Carleton.

Mrs. Rhys has made a new departure. She is absolutely without rancour, and has produced some beautiful types of Irish character—the poor heroine herself, Catharine Dominic, Mike Dolan, Shawn Quin, and some of the other lesser characters of the book. The period of her story is that of the Land League, which taught the Irish people lessons it will take almost another St. Patrick to make them forget. The impression she creates of the distortion and cruelty of the time is deep and true, yet withal so fine an artist is she that she does not let fall a word to betray whether her natural sympathies are with the peasant or the landlord. She describes a secret society meeting—one of the debased secret societies which seem to spring up so naturally out of Irish land agitations—abating not a whit

* "Mary Dominic." By Grace Rhys. 6s. (Dent.)

of the violence and the cruelty, and yet letting us see the other side of the picture, the amazing contradictoriness by which the Celt can be remorselessly cruel on the one hand without lessening or apparently injuring the mild and soft qualities of his nature on the other. We see Leeson, the educated leader of these men, a saint and a zealot on one side of him, a plotter of midnight murders and pitiless revenges on the other. It is something many of us have known, but none of us have had the vision or the art to reveal.

A matter which appeals more intimately to our common human nature than any temporary madness is the attitude of the Celt towards women who have fallen from virtue. It is a feeling which it has been easy to glorify when we did not see it in its proper perspective. Whether it has really anything to do with an exceptional love of virtue or horror of vice one must doubt, seeing that it exists side by side with the extraordinary loveless marriages which still obtain over a great part of Ireland. This savage idea of virtue which perverts even the heart of parenthood is surely rather a distorted form of pride. "'Twasn't me

From Photo by] MRS. ERNEST RHYS. *[Russell & Sons.*

he was fond of at all," says Mary Dominic of her father, "'twas himself." And that is perhaps the core of the matter.

Another great triumph of Mrs. Rhys's art is her portrayal of Hugh Latimer. On the whole we loathe the Latimers more than the most violent of the Land-Leaguing peasants. She has not dealt lightly indeed with the sins and irresponsibilities of the Irish gentry which made the Land League possible. And for a great portion of the book Hugh is the most repulsive of all, having upon him the added trail of the seducer in a visible horror which recalls faintly the masterly repulsiveness of Hardy's Alec D'Urberville. Then all of a sudden the whole atmosphere shifts. Hugh, alone, betrayed, deserted, heart-sick for the one love of his life which he himself had cast away, Hugh in the last extremity, moves us to something of the maternal pity and tenderness of Mary Dominic when she found him dying in the sacked house.

The passion and exaltation of those moments it would be hard to overpraise. One waits with suspended breath for Latimer's return to life, so that there may be for an instant of time love again between those two who ought to have been husband and wife during their mortal years. When the words are spoken and the embrace given one rests satisfied, though it is an unhappy ending as the novel-reader regards it.

Altogether Mrs. Rhys's book is of the things of literature.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE OPTIMIST. By Herbert Morrah. 6s. (Pearson.)

The writer's purpose in this book has surely changed more than once. There is excellent material in it, but it is wielded with a shaky hand. The story of the girl who keeps her engagement to a man condemned for forgery to penal servitude, and who, during his imprisonment, goes out into the world, so that she may be a bright wife in the future to the man who has suffered so much, is of strong human interest. There was no need for anything more. Even with only that the title might have been retained, for surely the girl was optimistic enough. But there is a shadowy figure to whom this title is attached, who takes up whole chapters and never wins a moment's interest. There is much talk of election contests which seem to hang useless in the story. And the author has not left himself room to deal with the real and very controversial theme, which is, Would the nature and character of a man, who has committed fraud and forgery to serve his own perfectly selfish ends, be likely to prove satisfactory after he has undergone due punishment for it? Probably the best of us would admit the possibility of the optimist's point of view. But Mr. Morrah deals with the matter much too lightly. We are the more disappointed with this story, as we call to mind the same writer's attractive and most unconventional book, "The Faithful City."

THE WIDOWER. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Heinemann.)

With the same careful workmanship as usual, the same cheerful lightness of manner, combined with strict attention to the business in hand, Mr. Norris presents us with a rather more interesting subject than those that have inspired his late novels. It is a very difficult subject, and if his success be not perfect, it is quite above the ordinary reach. The central figure, James Pennant, is an austere, formal, reserved, and truth-loving man, resigned to the instant and faithful performance of his duty, a despiser of women, because in his experience honour and justice are alien to their minds. Yet it is his fate to be fooled and played with by women, who find inexhaustible generosity beneath the chilly surface. As his friend says, "A man sets up as a misogynist—won't have anything more to do with women, young or old, than he can help—and then they avenge themselves by playing the very deuce with his life twice over!" So far good, but the character and demeanour of Cuckoo, his adopted daughter, are a little too unattractive for us to extend the sympathy the author evidently asks, and which the austere hero, and apparently most other people in her circle give freely. Otherwise we respond to all Mr. Norris's appeals, and feel grateful to him for a very readable and well-constructed story.

THE LOST PROVINCES. By Louis Tracy. 6s. (Pearson.)

More imaginary history! "France had thriven amazingly since Vansittart converted the arid Sahara into a panorama of cornlands and vineyards (apparently the flooding scheme had come off successfully!) Germany, soured by the uselessness of her own colonial efforts, experienced the novel sensation of being heedlessly elbowed to one side by her mercurial neighbour. Frenchmen were taught reason by contentment. The Russian alliance was no longer coveted; bickerings against England became spasmodic and feeble, whilst the last man that Henry V. regarded as an antagonist was the German Emperor." There is the situation. Afterwards they fought, Vansittart, the American millionaire, directing the French army from Paris. The Germans were nowhere, and the Treaty on the last page assigns Elsass to Germany and Lorraine to France, whereat nobody is pleased, a sign, according to Vansittart, that the award is just. It is exactly the sort of book that amateur politicians delight in, and their name is legion, so we make no doubt its success is assured.

THE SHADOW OF LIFE. By Marten Strong. (Latter Day Stories.) 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

These Latter Day Stories keep up to a remarkably high level of excellence, and some of the later ones have been particularly good. We question, however, if any has been better than "The Shadow of Life." Its power is exceptional. The only fault we care to find with it is, that it is a little difficult to follow at first. The writer allows the characters themselves to set the scene, as it were, and they do not always make things quite clear to an outsider. But this preliminary difficulty over, the book becomes intensely interesting. An English Earl and a Russian Prince are the two most prominent figures, and the

society is brilliant and diplomatic. But the interest of the book is not political, only human, and very strongly so. There are some telling dramatic situations and a good deal of sensation, though of a healthy kind. "The Shadow of Life" is a very successful volume of a successful series.

MOONLIGHT. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Unwin.)

Written in a brief, simple, unemphatic style, with never a note forced anywhere, this story yet produces a wonderfully strong effect. Perhaps it is not so consistently good throughout as "The Cedar Star," Miss Mann's earlier novel; but there are scenes depicted and characters suggested in a masterly fashion. In one matter she has lowered her scheme of colour too much, surely. Does she hold it would have been too obvious a thing to make the hero with the handsome white face earn his title of "Moonlight" by some mental as well as by physical chacteristics? As she presents him, he might as well have been called Snowflake, or anything else that suggests pallor, for though he is wonderfully refined for his station in life, and quiet in manner, he is not a mysterious or shadowy person at all. In the end he is even aggressively cocksure, and thus wrecks the happiness of the woman he loves. The real triumph of the book is as much an attitude as an actual achievement. Commonplace persons, with average standards of conduct and quite unideal, even vulgar instincts, are generally very dull company in books when they are not beheld in brisk action. Humorously treated, of course, they can yield excellent stuff for amusement. But here they are not dealt with humorously. They are neither rated nor made fun of; merely observed with a wise tolerance and with a tender sympathy for the joys, and the sorrows, and the weariness they share with the more gifted tithe of humanity. This altogether uncritical yet observant attitude gives us a sense of novelty, and convinces us of the writer's uncommon power.

A RED BRIDAL. By William Westall. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

"A Red Bridal" completes Mr. Westall's picture, begun in "With the Red Eagle," of the Tyrolese fight for freedom against Bavaria and Napoleon. It is a heroic tale, related with spirit and dignity. The subject is courageously chosen, too, for you can hardly make a very popular bid for favour with a story which ends with the discomfiture of the hero's cause. But Mr. Westall tells it to the bitter end, even to the shooting of the patriots Andreas Hofer and Mayr at Mantua. Still, with so much heroism and reckless daring, such fighting against odds, and stalwart loyalty to a national idea, there is no possibility of depression, and the story goes to a quick, inspiriting tune. One feels all the time the struggle of the hardy mountaineers is not going to be in vain in the end.

LINNET. By Grant Allen. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The Tyrol, its mountains, its fine air, and its voices have inspired this stirring tale. In spite of the fact that the natives are dealt with in a realistic, and by no means too flattering way, the story contrives to be highly romantic. Linnet, the picturesque cow-girl heroine, comes down from her Alpine hut to be a great singer; and lovers of all ranks and callings fight for her favours. But the businesslike qualities of Hausberger, Tyrolese *Wirth* and cosmopolitan *impresario*, win her hand, at least; and there are endless exciting incidents before the charming young English poet can claim her as his own. He is the most disinterested and gifted of heroes, but much too gentle and refined to be given the part of liberator of Linnet from her hateful husband. That role is played by a humbler lover, a Robbler, that is a village ruffler, bully, professional fighter in his native village, who pursues less creditable callings in the great world. He has no delicate scruples about killing Hausberger; and he makes a fine end himself by fleeing to the mountains and plunging with one of his would-be captors over a cliff. This scamp is a convenient scapegoat. After his crime and his death there is every promise of a peaceful and respectable life for the songstress and the song-writer. Altogether the rewards and punishments are justly distributed throughout; for the air of the mountains has not the same effect on Mr. Grant Allen as that of the hill-tops, and a breath of the most orthodox morality breathes everywhere through the story of Linnet.

BISMILLAH. By A. J. Dawson. 6s. (Macmillan)

"Bismillah" is a distinct success. It is a capital book of adventure, well told and exciting, and it is a very striking picture of a fascinating life, little known to readers or writers of fiction. Mr. A. J. Dawson's style is inclined to be too florid and exaggerated when he writes, as he did in "God's Foundling," of present-day London, but it is excellently suited to a description of the gaudy, glaring existence of Tangier or

From Photo by] MR. A J. DAWSON. *[Bassano.*

Riff. There is a great promise in Mr. Dawson's work. He has observed well, he has wandered far and wide in the bye-paths of the world, he has real dramatic instinct, he writes passionately and powerfully. He will go far, if we mistake not.

LOVE IS NOT SO LIGHT. By Constance Cotterell. 6s. (Unwin.)

This is the work of a clever writer who has gone wonderfully astray from the right paths, strayed far, indeed, from the reach of her own earlier attainment. "An Impossible Person" claimed unstinted praise as its due. The present book has shrewd epigrammatic things in it, some evidence of close observation, and one or two good portraits. But the lamentable amount of affectation visible both in the style and in the attitude towards the characters would ruin a much better conceived story. For ingenious ugliness could this be surpassed: "Her thoughts were like heat lumps, or the mildew on jam, breaking out anywhere without any apparent connection"? The soulful young woman called Penelope is represented as being very inarticulate. To utter two consecutive sentences was to her an almost superhuman effort. No wonder things went all crooked, and she became engaged to the wrong man, seeing she had so little gift of explanation. But there is a kind of treatment which would cause the dumb to speak, to roar, at least. Penelope is dumber than the dumb, as you will see.

> Darcy [her lover, and the wrong man] smiled the smile that he sued for cursing with. She did not even see it. Then he took up a little open penknife off the table. He never used paper-knives to cut books. Only the keenest were his weapons. He took the smooth lobe of her left ear in his one hand. With the other he slit sharply into it.
>
> Then he put down the penknife and crossed his arms in front of him.
>
> "That is all," he said. "You are marked Mine!"
>
> She got up. She walked away, erect, proud, unmoved. For an hour she sat in her own room and heavily thought. The blood slowly oozed from her ear and congealed in the cold. She never thought of it.

When the right man turns up in a snowstorm on the moor,

she briefly requests him to die with her there and then; but having so few words at her command, she is unable to persuade him to her point of view, and he bears her away, presumably to a warm fireside, and to a wedding in his Quaker meeting-house.

A KING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES. By Emily P. Finnemore. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

By a slow, patient, elaborate process the writer has put together a story of genuine human interest, and particularly sympathetic in temper. We think a good deal less elaboration might have produced an equally clear effect, but we do not grudge a little extra time spent over a book which strikes us as being made out of real life. It is the history of a man of singularly refined nature, born into sordid conditions, weighed down by worthless and unaspiring relatives, who is drawn irresistibly towards a woman of another sphere, of delicate

From Photo by] *[Gyde, Aberystwyth.*
MISS E. P. FINNEMORE.

upbringing, luckily also, of amply liberal mind. The bars between them are almost insuperable; and in describing the long struggle towards the attainment of his desire, the writer does not ignore the tremendous temptations of a young fellow of the labouring classes to grasp such happiness as lies ready to his hand. His love of life, his modesty, are both as stout obstacles as is his poverty, and the journey towards his desire is long. In the end he gives in, and the lady has to do the wooing. Personally, we wish her feelings had not been so wrought on by his physical suffering and his blindness. It would have been more romantic had the barriers been leaped when his strength was in its full tide. But then the situation would have been more difficult, we admit. Miss Finnemore has a quiet way of showing the development of not too obvious characters. She is never sensational; she never caricatures; by preference she peoples her book with good people rather than bad; but the result is never insipid.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS. By S. Weir Mitchell. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Here is an excellent story, the lightest, the brightest, that Dr. Weir Mitchell has yet produced. A very close acquaintance with the history and the social conditions of France during the Revolution, and with the topography of Old Paris, must have preceded the making of it, but the learning is skilfully used, and never obtruded. François was a foundling and a chorister of Notre Dame, to whom orderly life was made intolerable. When his voice broke, and he was threatened with the imprisonment of a monastery, he took to the wild life of the streets, and fought for his own hand—for others, too: he was a good-hearted vagabond. It is a novel thing to have a revolutionary story told from the point of view of an irresponsible rascal, who cared little for either party, though his instincts were royalist, but who liked crowds and street riots because purses were loosely held then. Violence was abhorrent to his easy-going, kindly, if quite non-moral nature. He would have let politics alone, but politics were of a meddling temper in those days, and even the poor thief, conjurer, and fencing-master—for he rose to that, and did not even stop there—had to hold the staircase of a chateau against a mob, was a suspect, and was imprisoned, amongst aristocrats, too, by a pleasant irony of fate. His irrepressible gaiety carried him through strange passes in his life, and the triumph of the book is that in the alleged gaiety of François we really believe: we are infected by it. The lighter side of a tragic time has never been so successfully touched before.

FOUR FOR A FORTUNE. By Albert Lee. 6s. (Harpers.)

Mr. Lee has written a very fair specimen of the treasure-hunt story. He protests very loudly it is all true, but that is perhaps only a little trick of the game. Yet we could almost believe it. Its good qualities and its bad are realistic. An entire absence of art in the writing, and likewise of any forced inventiveness in the incidents, give it the air of an average report of actual experiences. The scene of the story, the Ile aux Chiens, in the group of St. Pierre Miquelon, off the south coast of Newfoundland, is a new site for romance. Tourists are warned that nothing was left there of the treasure that afterwards went to the bottom of the sea, and otherwise the place is unattractive. Not the least striking part of the story is the coolness with which the loss both of the enormous treasure and of the good Captain Macleod is narrated. Is this philosophy, or merely want of skill in recording emotions?

THE REPENTANCE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY. By Stephen Gwynn. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

What would Mr. Gwynn be at in this story? He punishes his hero for what strikes us as very decent conduct. North, the private secretary, fell in love with his employer's wife, and ran away to keep himself and her out of further mischief. The step hurt them both, but it saved the woman, at least, by committing her to a tame domestic career. As far as we can gather, she was not fitted for any other, better or worse. When North comes back, he is nothing to her; she is worshipping her baby. At which he groans aloud, turns and rends himself for his virtue, denies his virtue, and says it was only vanity and priggery. Well, and if he was a young vain prig when he went away? He was at the same time a braver fellow than he is ever likely to be again if his stupidly cynical mood continues. Mr. Gwynn should not write cynical stories; he is not to the manner born. This one is very thin and very unpleasant, and it is impossible to think he can have got any satisfaction out of writing it.

THE UNATTAINABLE. By Myra Swan. 6s. (Chapman.)

We are quite convinced that the Mary of Miss Swan's imaginings was the best and brightest of girls; but for all the information given us about her ideals and her favourite authors, she remains only a nice story-book shadow. Perhaps it was rather mistaken affection that prompted the authoress to give her as foils all the other women of the neighbourhood, notably such an ill-tempered fool as her step-mother, and such a hopeless imbecile as Cecilia. It is a touching story, but the pathos of an important moment is rather spoilt when the heroine reproaches the fickle hero for the ravages his bad conduct has caused in her looks, by telling him other women now liken her neck to salt-cellars. When Miss Swan has thoroughly digested her reading of contemporary writers, and found that literary conversations are the dullest her characters can take part in, she will do much better. Her high-mindedness, her enthusiasm, and her interest in literature should produce something stronger than this.

THE ROGUES' PARADISE. An Extravaganza. By Edwin Pugh and Charles Gleig. 6s. (Bowden.)

We like Mr. Pugh's humour best when it is unobtrusively applied to the interpretation of character, as in "Tony Drum" or "The Man of Straw." There is far more conscious effort to be funny here, and though the story will certainly produce a grin or two, the two collaborators have not succeeded in hiding from us that they have taken enormous pains to be amusing. The introductory portion, which describes the arch-rascal, arch-humbug, Joshua Sharp, is excellent, and his settlement in

Berona, while no extradition treaty applied to that territory, has interesting incidents. But the farce does not become funnier as it grows noisier, and Lady Gwyn would only be tolerable if she appeared on the boards, played by a matron of overwhelmingly high spirits.

PHASES OF AN INFERIOR PLANET. By Ellen Glasgow. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is one of the exasperatingly clever, exasperatingly incapable books, which are produced so frequently to-day. There is no grip of life in it, and there is intellect in abundance. The writer has a sense of style, and she descends to bunkum. She has shrewdness, and she lets her characters take her in. She has humour, but it is of a truant fickle quality. The story told baldly is rather sordid. A luxury-loving girl, who mistakes herself for a genius, marries a very poor man of science. Privations make her miserable, and him too, for her sake. So she leaves him; and her art—she is a singer—gives her opportunities for becoming very rich. Meanwhile her husband, who is, and continues to be, a freethinker, gives up science, and becomes a highly successful Ritualist priest. Do not ask us why. It seems so natural to Miss Glasgow that she does not think it worth while to explain. After many years the erring wife returns, and says she has never loved but him. With some decency he repulses her at first, then succumbs to her fascinations, and only her death saves his cutting his pastorship and running off with her to the sunny south. The story is aimless nonsense. But in the detail there is a surprising amount of ability. The writer has a real power of sketching a character in a word or two, as here, for example. "Miss Ramsey belonged to that numerous army of women who fulfil life as they fulfil an appointment at the dentist's—with a desperate sense of duty and shaken nerves." And there is an inimitable glimpse of the heroine in her frivolous moods. She has aspirations towards seriousness sometimes, and from her husband's bookshelves she takes Mill for perusal. He is much satisfied. But, "I haven't gone beyond the first page yet," returned Mariana, . . . "There was something in the first page about 'a web of muslin,' and, somehow, it suggested to me the idea of making that bonnet. Odd, wasn't it? And I am so glad I read it, for I am sure I should never have thought of the bonnet otherwise—and it *is* becoming."

"But you like Mill?"

"Oh, yes," said Mariana, "I find him very suggestive"!

HOPE THE HERMIT. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longman.)

We have got so much pleasure from Miss Edna Lyall in the past that we took up "Hope the Hermit" in the confident expectation of an agreeable hour. We even forgave the dulness of the first chapter—so many books begin badly. But when the second, and the third, and all the chapters were found to remain at the same dead level of monotony, we were reluctantly compelled to own our disappointment. No, this is not the Edna Lyall of "Donovan," "Knight Errant," and the rest. There is much good solid work in the book. The Cumberland setting is good, and there is, we suppose, a perennial interest in Jacobite plots. We would fain do justice to its solid excellence. But it has not fascinated us in the least. We would willingly give half the solid excellence for a touch of the old charm.

A DRAMA IN SUNSHINE. By Horace Annesley Vachell 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is a story of civilized California. It is the West, but not the Wild West—though there are some wild doings in the Californian "Ireland." The interest of the story centres in the relations between an ambitious and unscrupulous lawyer and the immigrant inhabitants of a fertile tract known as the Sun Julian grant. The lawyer's love affairs and matrimonial troubles provide the human interest. This side of the story, however, is the least satisfactory, though it has a lurid colouring which commands attention. The value of the book lies in its bright pictures of modern Californian life in various social ranks. The Fishes are excellent; we are sorry it appeared necessary to kill the Rev. Abner so soon. Mr. Fabian and Mrs. Corny, too, are interesting, and, at the other end of the social scale, Mike Mellish and Norah. But these are only lightly touched. The central figures—Chillingworth, his wife Damaris, and, later, Joan Fabian—are pictured in greater detail, though they are by no means more worthy of attention. The book is an eminently readable one, and a clever example of a popular style.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG. A Romance of Two Kingdoms. By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)

Something of Mr. Parker's wonted jaunty air has disappeared. A ponderousness, most unusual in his work, weighs down two-thirds, at least, of this story. But the reading of "The Battle of the Strong" is not all disappointment. The plot is interesting, and the characters, even the heroine, far from tame. To Jersey folks the tale will especially appeal. Jersey dialect, Jersey landscape, old Jersey customs are made abundant use of. But to readers outside the island this insistence on local colour will seem to be at the root of the book's failure to attract as do the rest of Mr. Parker's. The local customs and folk-lore and dialect of Canada he has not laboriously "got up"—hence the lightness and liveliness of the Pretty Pierre stories. But the slow, heavy hand of the industrious new learner is evident in this story of Jersey in the days of the French Revolution. It is full of stirring incident, however, and sets forth most impressively the staunch loyalty to England amongst folk who had frequent and easy intercourse with France, the country of their fathers, in days that tested loyalty.

THE CHILD ABEL. By Claud Nicholson. 3s. 6d. (Allen.)

This is hardly a novel, it is rather a study for a novel. The working is precise, detailed; there is careful drawing of stroke upon stroke for every inch of surface. And after all it is a very small surface, for the story leaves a good deal to be taken for granted at the beginning, and a good deal to be imagined at the end. But in its own limits we have seldom come across a more fascinating bit of work. Every character is in its way

From Photo by [*Damry, Dinard.*

MISS CLAUD NICHOLSON.

unique, and every one is drawn with the hand of a master. Yet it is not so much this book itself that attracts us, able and remarkable as it is, as the reserve of power that it shows, the insight, the grip, the economy of words, the suggested emotion, the situations indicated rather than described. We do not know what the writer's skill in pure narrative may be. It is not shown to any extent here. If it is equal to her deeper powers, we have a right to expect some strong and striking work from her pen. Her hold over her readers could hardly satisfy a higher test than in this book where she commands from the first our sympathy and our affection for a child, cringing, cruel, suspicious, in all outward development utterly unlovable. The book is not one for a merely idle mood, but should be read with attention by all who love good work for its own sake.

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF ROBIN HOOD. By Barry Pain. Illustrated. 6s. (Harpers.)

This is a very pleasant re-telling of a good old cycle of tales. None of the romance has been rubbed off by Mr. Pain's hand; indeed, we fear the only blemish of the book in the eyes of some sturdy young British readers will be the prominence given to the love-story. But, we hasten to assure all young scorners of sentiment, the presence of a fair lady or two does not seriously disturb the record of Robin's tricks and jests and deeds of derring-do.

BLACK ROCK. A Tale of the Selkirks. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder.)

There is something very pathetic and very human about these scenes from life in the far North-West. Many writers—some of the greatest—have made us familiar with the manners of mining camp life, with its elementary emotions, its rough kindnesses, its primitive brutalities. But never have we seen it approached so successfully from the purely religious side. Ralph Connor describes it as a very simple Gospel that he helped his friend Mr. Craig to preach to the Black Rock miners, but he knows how to represent it as a convincing one. He has a gift of fluent and well-chosen language which raises his work at once to a position above the ordinary. Some of his chapters have a completeness which might well enable them to stand alone as admirable vignettes of mining life. "The Black Rock Christmas" and "Waterloo" (where the battle is between Punch and Judy and coffee on the one hand and "The Gay and Giddy Dude" and free drinks on the other) are vividly realistic, and Mr. Craig's love-story is told with genuine power and pathos. The book has an excellence which is all its own, an individuality which gives it a real value. It is a religious story without being namby-pamby, a mining camp story without being coarse. And it is written in an easy, graceful, and artistic style, and a sincere and liberal spirit.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE ALHAMBRA, and Other Poems. By F. B. Money-Coutts. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

A modest critic must be overawed by the quoted praise of Mr. Money-Coutts's poetry that appears in the advertisement pages of his latest volume. All the intellect of England seems to be convinced that he is an exceptionally original and inspired poet. We do not protest—only feel that our little meed of praise is too chilly to be named with the others! There are many who complain of the frivolity of modern poetry. Mr. Money-Coutts is a very serious writer. We have personally derived no pleasure from his uncouth verse; but we recognise it as the utterance of a man who feels very intensely, who has at least one thing to say—that you must respect earthly love, if you would understand Love as a Power divine—and who is capable of saying shrewd things like this—

> The eye that watches is the eye enticed!
> The sins men hunt they never truly hate.

But his gospel should be read elsewhere, in his "Revelation of St. Love." There is little that is very individual about the present volume. He has modernised, and bowdlerised, "The Nut-Brown Maid" rather cleverly; and two short poems, "Revelation" and verses to the memory of Thomas Ashe the Poet, strike even a note of sweetness and grace.

IN THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS. By W. Macneile Dixon. (Nutt.)

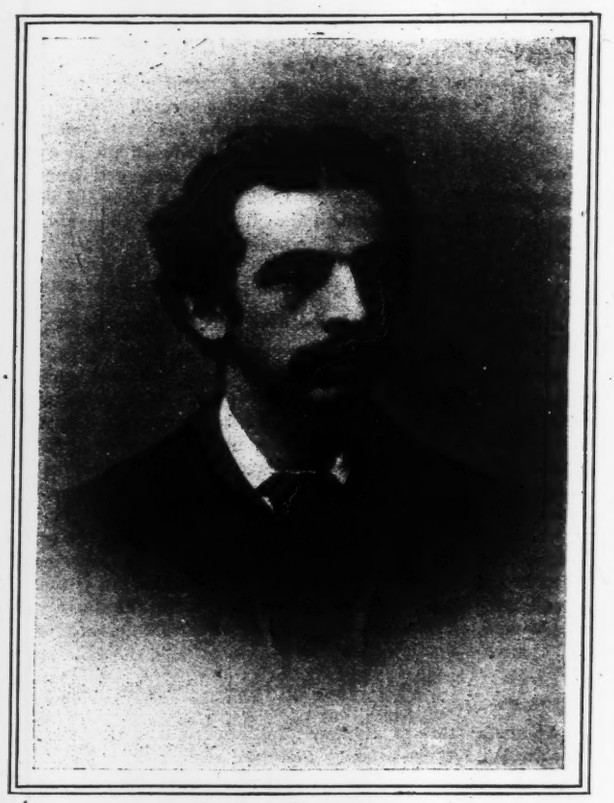
Professor Dixon is highly competent to speak on modern books and writers. He has brought to bear on them a well-trained, well-furnished mind; he treats of them with due seriousness, and yet with a sense that literature had a long and glorious day before the lamps and candles of our age were lighted. His attitude is always dignified and fair; and his taste sound in the main and liberal. But different classes of readers will judge the book very differently. Something of the professional habit clings to him, surely; for these essays on Matthew Arnold, on the De Veres, on Meredith, both as poet and novelist, seem to stop short when they have instructed us in the main facts of the writer's style and methods. Thus, they are excellent as introductions to Arnold and Meredith; but old familiar friends of these will not find much to startle them into new readings or re-awaken a fresh interest. Professor Dixon writes like a sensible, intelligent, cultivated man, and says a deal that is useful, and not a little that is obvious. Occasionally, we think, he makes mistakes. He dwells, for instance, far too much on the intellectual interest of Mr. Meredith's poetry. We do not think he knows the best of the poetry of the day, such as it is, if he only derives hope for the future from "Barrack-Room Ballads." We cannot follow him at all in the burning admiration which he pours on the chill, meritorious work of the De Veres, whom he seems to rank with the great masters. But we have admired much of his clearly-worded comments, and those on Mr. Meredith's fiction are exceptionally good. In that essay is contained the best bit of criticism in the volume. "Mr. Meredith shows us the human heart, but we are not convinced that his knowledge, as he would seemingly have us believe, has really been derived from a study of it under the microscope. He knows it instinctively, but displays it otherwise than he has actually learned it. He has acquired his knowledge in one way; he is for having us acquire it in another." That shrewd, luminous remark seems to lift the whole book into a higher rank.

FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG. By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

It is impossible to speak in too high terms of this admirable series of historical papers. Nobody who takes an intelligent interest in the history of his country should miss them. Those who read them in the *Cornhill* will be eager to possess them in this compact and handy form, and those who did not read them there will deprive themselves of much pleasure and profit if they do not secure them now. Mr. Fitchett's vigorous, picturesque and spirited style would make any narrative entrancing, and which of us wearies of tales of brave deeds and well-fought battles? These "Fights for the Flag" are in their own line unique. We have nothing more stirring, more interesting, more worthy of genuine enthusiastic praise in our popular historical literature.

THE DREYFUS CASE. By F. C. Conybeare. 3s. 6s. (Allen.)

Mr. Conybeare's masterly exposition of the Dreyfus case is well known to all who have followed the recent events in France. Now that he has collected his articles into book-form his exposure is all the more terrible and convincing. No one



MR. F. C. CONYBEARE.

who would understand the intricacies of the scandalous *affaire* can afford to miss the book. It is not so much criticism as a collection of documents and depositions which speak for themselves to every thinking being. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Conybeare's book is a serious contribution to the history of the nineteenth century.

THE LAST DAYS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. New details from Unpublished Documents. By Dr. Guido Biagi. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

The new information given here would have scarcely filled a short article; but it is by no means unimportant. To make the picture complete, Dr. Biagi has borrowed from Dowden's life, and from written accounts and letters of Mary Shelley, Trelawney, Leigh Hunt, and others, quite accessible to ordinary

readers. The fresh light on the accident to the *Ariel* and the cremation of Shelley and Williams he has got from the Archives of Florence, Lucca, and Leghorn, and from the oral statements of some old sailors at Viareggio, who were present at the burning of the poet's body and at the recovery of the boat. Trelawney's account is found to be at fault on various points, and for the first time something definite is learnt as to the place of the disaster, and of the cremation. By the statements of witnesses, given in 1890, the body was burnt on the beach at Viareggio, between the Marine Asylum and the wood, about two hundred and fifty metres from the sea. The evidence of the old people, seven men and a woman—their photographs are given—was positive as to the site, but contained little else of interest. One picturesque touch appears in the statement of Petrucci, who added, "It was said that when the ashes were taken to England the dead men would come to life." A feeling of high reverence for the English poet has moved the Italian scholar to his researches. Readers are begged to overlook some printer's errors, not very numerous, considering that the book was printed in Florence.

THROUGH THE HIGH PYRENEES. By Harold Spender. With illustrations by Llewellyn Smith. 16s. (Innes.)

This is a very bright and lively record of two holidays spent in the High Pyrenees, a district but little known to the English traveller. From cover to cover it is good reading—full of useful hints for tourist and climber in search of some "neglected" district where he can be free from the terror of personally conducted parties, full of interest to those [who are] forced to

MR. HAROLD SPENDER.
From Photo by Green & Collings, New Bond St.

take their recreation in quieter ways and unromantic watering-places. Mr. Spender and his companion came into contact with many interesting people, their pictures of life in that strange republic of Medorra are graphic and instructive, and they had their full share of adventures. Mr. Spender writes throughout in the most cheerful manner, and he does not burden his book with technicalities and geographical, geological minutiæ. Mr. Llewellyn Smith's illustrations are excellent. Altogether "Through the High Pyrenees" is a delightful volume.

ELLEN TERRY AND HER IMPERSONATIONS. By Charles Hiatt. 5s. (Bell.)

Mr. Charles Hiatt writes so clearly and so well that we should have been better pleased had he given us more of his own and fewer quotations from newspaper criticisms of the past, which at best make but dull reading. However, he has given us a very readable book, full of just criticism, and not defaced, as so many works of this kind have been, with "gross flattery, which is at once a vulgar and cruel form of kindness," if it be kindness at all. We may mention that Richard Burbage was in all probability born in Shoreditch, and point out a queer misprint at p. 115. But why should a work of this character be illustrated with ordinary, and in some instances very ordinary photographs, in many cases carelessly printed? Such good text deserved better illustration.

THE ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH POEMS. Edited by Ernest Rhys. (Dent.)

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 3s. 6d. net.

GRAY'S ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD Illustrated by R. W. A. Rouse. 3s. 6d. net.

These editions are among the most beautiful which have come from Aldine House, and every reader knows that this is high praise. Mr. Brock's illustrations to John Gilpin are inimitable; he has exactly caught the spirit of the original, and without being in any way grotesque they are irresistibly amusing. Mr. Rouse's pictures are, as befits the subject, of quite another style, but nothing could exceed their quiet charm. Illustrated poems are often sorry pieces of work, but in these volumes the pictures add to the poetry of the verses. A word must be said of the printing. The publishers have discovered a perfect ink for block work—a dark brown—which looks equally well for type. They are to be heartily congratulated on the appearance of these Illustrated English Poets.

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THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BENN, A. W.—The Philosophy of Greece, 6/- .....Richards
BERNARD, Dr. J. H.—Via Domini, 6/- .....Hodder
CROZIER, J. B.—My Inner Life, 14/- .....Longmans
HARRISON, W.—Clovelly Sermons, 3/6 .....Methuen
JAMES, W.—Human Immortality. The Ingersoll Lecture (Harvard) for 1898, 2/6 .....Constable

[*Professor James answers two objections to the old faith—one he finds in "physiological psychology," and its formula, "Thought is a function of the brain," the other in the "quantitative imagination" and its picture of an over-peopled future. The lecture is an interesting as well as an able one.*]

JASTROW, Prof. M.—The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. (Handbooks on the History of Religions), 12/6 .....Arnold

[*A very complete and able survey, forming the second volume of this valuable series.*]

MARSHALL, H. R.—Instinct and Reason, 12/6 .....Macmillan
SIMON, Dr. D. W.—Reconciliation by Incarnation, 7/6 .....Clark
SPURGEON, C. H.—A Good Start. A Book for Young Men and Women, with Preface by Sir George Williams Passmore & Alabaster
Sursum Corda: A Defence of Idealism, 3/6 .....Macmillan

[*The writer "regards the premises of materialism as so many arbitrary assumptions, and its reasoning as so much beating of the air." He defends his position in a very attractively written, high-toned, and altogether admirable little book.*]

The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ. By the Four Evangelists. With Introduction by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. H. Marshall

[*The text of the Gospels rearranged in chronological order, and edited so as to present a consecutive story.*]

FICTION.

ALLEN, G.—Linnet, 6/-.....Richards
BANKS, C. B.—All Sorts and Conditions of Women. A Romance of the East End, 6/- .....Stock

[*Describes the joint labours of Charles Willoughby, bachelor, and Mary Geoghegan, spinster, among the slum population of the East-End of London, and brings about their marriage in the last chapter. The book will have a special interest for those engaged in similar work.*]

BELL, R. S. W.—Bachelorland, 6/- .....Richards
BROWN, V.—The Romance of a Ritualist, 6/- .....Lane
BJORNSON, B.—Absalom's Hair and A Painful Memory, 3/- Heinemann
CHETWODE, R. D.—Cuthbert, Lord of Lowedale, 5/- .....Jarrold

[*A lively story of fights, sieges, and adventurous journeys during the later years of the sixteenth century. It will make an excellent Christmas gift for boys.*]

CHETWYND, Hon. Mrs. H.—The Member's Wife, 6/- .....Pearson

[*A story of a foolish woman's intrigue, to divert an eminent politician's affections away from her friend, and to win for herself a husband. She is successful, but sudden death nips her triumph in the bud; and the other wronged woman comes to her own. It is everywhere quite commonplace, but Mrs. Chetwynd has gained something of the knack of the successful popular tale-writer.*]

COLERIDGE, C. R.—The Main Chance, 6/-.....Hurst & Blackett
CONNOR, R.—Black Rock. With Introduction by Prof. G. A. Smith. 6/-.....Hodder

[*See p. 122.*]

COTTERELL, C.—Love is not so Light, 6/- .....Unwin
COVERTSIDE, N.—Chester Cresswell, 6/- .....Digby

[*An advance on this writer's last book. The story is well and carefully worked out. Cresswell himself is a strong character.*]

DANIELS, H.—Mona Rufina, 2/6 .....Greening

[*A highly emotional, cleverly written story of the romance of a cycle tour.*]

DONISTHORPE, W.—Down the Stream of Civilisation, 6/- ....Newnes
[*A pleasant travel-book thrown into the form of a story.*]
ELLIS, E. S.—Cowmen and Rustlers, 2/6.....Cassell
[*A bright story of the Wyoming Cattle Ranges, full of adventures with wolves, and other dangers.*]
ELLIS, E. S.—Wolf Ear the Indian, and The Daughter of the Chieftain, 1/6 each .....Cassell
[*Two stirring tales of adventure among the North American Indians.*]
FENWICK, Mrs.—The Bad Family, and other Stories, 1/6....Richards
[*These stories, forming No. 3 of the Dumpy Books for Children, were written in the beginning of the century, and have the old-fashioned manner that never seems to displease children. The little book is an attractive one—its "dumpy" proportions are not against it.*
FITZGERALD, G. B.—The Stigma, 6/- .....Digby
[*An ordinary story, on the whole, with occasional happy turns in it and occasional lapses. It is readable, however, for an idle hour.*]
FLETCHER, R. H.—The Mystery of a Studio, 1/-..Lawrence & Bullen
[*The title story is a sensational tale of artist life in Rome. The others are less gruesome, but none could be called tame. They are not pleasant reading unless for such as enjoy being shocked.*]
GALLENGA, A.—Thecla's Vow, 6/-.....Smith & Elder
GODFREY, E.—Poor Human Nature, 6/-.....Richards
[*A story with a special interest for disciples of Wagner. The writer evidently knows Munich and Bayreuth well, and she treats of music and musicians in a passably interesting way. The plot turns on the love-story of a famous Tannhauser, and some circumstances in the early life of a well-known German opera singer may have served Miss Godfrey with material.*]
GORDON, S.—Daughters of Shem, and other Stories, 6/- ....Greenberg
[*A book of very effective and well-written stories of the highly emotional type.*]
GOWING, Mrs. A.—A Touch of the Sun, 6/- .....Burleigh
GRAHAME, G.—In the Days Gone By, 6/-.....Digby
[*A very youthful story indeed, where the characters complete their lives' tragedies almost in their teens. There is a certain vivacity in the book however. The author may write a good story some day.*]
GRAHAM, W.—The Great House of Castleton, and Patricia ..Pearson
[*Two excellent stories for girls, telling of girls' lives and interests.*]
HAMILTON, G.—The Mayfair Marriage, 6/- .....Richards
History of a Man. By the Man, 6/-.....Burleigh
HOCKING, S.—Tales of a Tin Mine, 2/-.....H. Marshall
HOHLER, Mrs. E.—For Peggy's Sake, 4/6 .....Macmillan
[*An excellent story for children, showing how Peggy's brightness and sympathy made the people about her happy.*]
HUGHES, Mrs. M.—The History of Captain Katt. A story for Grown-ups and Children, 2/6 .....Digby
[*This is a cat with a purpose (why does it mis-spell its name in the title?) and shows forth its wrongs eloquently, even quoting Scripture in its own defence. It is a sarcastic cat, too, and, on the whole, an entertaining animal. Some grown-ups will enjoy it and many children.*]
JONES, D. M.—At the Gates of the Morning, 2/6 .....Kelly
[*A story of the ecclesiastical life of England during the sixteenth century.*]
KENNEDY, B.—The Wandering Romanoff, 3/6.....Burleigh
[*A stirring story of wild and lawless life in various places and circumstances. Russian politics and mining camp quarrels contribute their share.*]
LEIGHTON, M. C.—The Harvest of Sin, 6/-.....Bowden
LENNOYS, A.—In a Chinese Garden, 1/6.....Pearson
[*A book of pretty Chinese stories for children.*]
LOCKE, W. J.—Idols, 6/-.....Lane
MACQUOID, K. S.—A Ward of the King, 6/-.....Long
MANN, M. E.—Moonlight, 6/-.....Unwin
MARKHAM, P.—By Jumna's Banks, 3/6.....Long
[*A bright story of Indian military society. The characters are not in the least real or convincing, but are entertaining in their way.*]
MARTYN, G.—Lord Jimmy, 2/6 .....Greening
[*A lively and not over-refined story of the career of two music hall dancers.*]
MEADE, L. T.—Mary Clifford, M.B., 6/-.....Gardner
MOLESWORTH, Mrs.—Miss Mouse and Her Boys, 2/6.....Macmillan
[*An attractive little story book for children.*]
MORISON, J.—Rifts in the Reek, 5/-.....Blackwood
MORRAH, H.—The Optimist.....Pearson
MOUNT, A. F.—Trip; A True Story, 3/6.....Jarrold
[*A very pleasing number of this series of girls' books.*]
MUNROE, K.—The Copper Princess.....Harper
[*Mining adventurers, smugglers, a madman, and a love story, make up a very lively tale. The illustrations are good.*]
NESBIT, E.—The Secret of Kyriels, 6/- .....Hurst & Blackett
NICHOLSON, C.—The Child Abel, 3/6.....Allen
OVERTON, R.—The Son of a Hundred Fathers, 5/- .....Jarrold
[*Another of Messrs. Jarrold and Sons' excellent Adventure Series. These books should be very popular with all boys who like a rousing story.*]
OWEN, J. L.—Seven Nights with Satan, 3/6.....Greening
[*An uninteresting and unedifying story.*]
REYNOLDS, Mrs. F.—An Idyll of the Dawn, 3/6 .....Bowden
SAVILE, F.—The Foray of the *Hendrick Hudson*, 1/-.....Digby
[*A lively and very slangy account of a treasure hunt in or about Finland. It will suit non-literary readers in an idle hour.*]
"Saul Smiff." A Modern Christmas Carol, 6d.....Greening
[*A novel (with a few shorter stories added, as the author tells us, "to fill up") in the racy and amusing style of "The Pottle Papers."*]
SEATON, R.—The Romance of Diaphon, 3/6 .....Digby
[*Mr. Seaton has been indefatigable in his travel and research, and is satisfied that he has discovered the site of the Garden of Eden in a certain part of Somaliland. This book is a translation of certain inscriptions, providing a record of the expulsion from Eden of Angog (First of Men) and Aterna by Diaphon (the Devil).*]
SERGEANT, A.—The Story of Phil Enderby, 3/6.....Bowden
SHELDON, Rev. C. M.—In His Steps, 6d. and 1/-.....Ward, Lock
[*One of the sermon-stories read aloud by the author to his congregation in Kansas on Sunday evenings. It describes Christian work in an American town.*]
SHELDON, C. M.—The Crucifixion of Philip Strong, 2/- ..S.S. Union
[*Relates the trials, ending in death, of a good and conscientious minister much persecuted and hindered in his work.*]
SLOSSON, A. T.—Dumb Foxglove, 6/-.....Harper
STRONG, M.—The Shadow of Life (Latter-Day Stories), 2/6..Pearson
SUTCLIFFE, H.—Ricroft of Withens, 6/-.....Unwin
SWAN, A. S.—Not Yet ("Homespun" Series), 1/- .....Hutchinson
[*A story of a very good and lovable woman told in this writer's unfailingly attractive manner.*]
TRACY, L.—The Lost Provinces, 6/- .....Pearson
TURGENEV, J.—A Lear of the Steppes, trans. by C. Garnett, 3/- Heinemann
VINTRAS, L.—Passion Royal, 6/- .....Chapman
WALKER, Mrs. F.—Misconception, 6/-.....Chapman & Hall
[*If any one of the people concerned had had the smallest particle of commonsense or sanity, the "misconception" would never have arisen and there would have been no story. And it would not have mattered much.*]
WARNER, H. H.—The Wooing of Nefert, 2/6 and 3/6.....Powell
[*A translation from an ancient papyrus of a love story of old Egypt. It reads very pleasantly.*]
WESTALL, W.—A Red Bridal, 6/-.....Chatto
WILLS, C. T., and BURCHETT, G.—The Dean's Apron, 1/-Ward, Lock
[*Beeton's Christmas Annual takes the form of this brightly written and readable novel. The story is thoroughly lively and modern.*]
YERLOCK, F.—Phil Flippin's Rise, 3/6 .....Digby
[*We are unwilling to say of such a well-intentioned, conscientious book that the humour is ponderous, the street slang artificial, the style verbose; but the fact is so. Still the book may please many uncritical people, for it undoubtedly contains much sincere feeling.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

Bride Picotee, 2/6 .....Bemros
[*A third edition of this interesting tale.*]
CHAMISSO, A.—Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man .....Allen
[*A beautifully printed and illustrated issue of this strange tale, one of the most original, and yet most ineffective, in European literature. Mr. Joseph Jacobs contributes a very interesting and appreciatively critical introduction.*]
DICKENS, C., COLLINS, W., and others.—No Thoroughfare, Thuyley Junction, The Wreck of the Golden Mary, Somebody's Luggage, The Seven Poor Travellers, 1/6 and 2/- each Chapman
[*It was an excellent idea to reissue in such a pretty form these extra Christmas Numbers of "Household Words." Many of the stories are not by Dickens, but he at least inspired them all, and they are all good reading.*]
GOLDSMITH, O.—The Vicar of Wakefield, 1/- net.....Frowde
[*This miniature edition is a marvel of printing. Although the book could with ease be slipped into the waistcoat pocket, every line is perfectly clear and readable. We congratulate the publishers on a notable achievement.*]
MACLAREN, IAN.—Rabbi Saunderson, with 12 illustrations by A. S. Boyd, 2/6 .....Hodder
[*Mr. Boyd has a genius for delineating Scottish country folk. These illustrations are capital—none better than that on page 172, "Then Arose a Self-made Man."*]
Miss Jean's Niece, 2/6 .....Bemrose
[*A prettily bound and illustrated edition of this popular story.*]
NORWAY, G.—A Jacobite Conspirator, 5/- .....Jarrold
[*A very good story now in its third edition.*]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BAILEY, H. J. S.—Stray Verses, 2/6 .....Stock
[*There are some graceful verses in this collection, but most of them do not rise above mediocrity. Still there is genuine feeling and a gentle and refined taste everywhere evident.*]
BATTERSBY, C.—The Song of the Golden Bough, 3/6 net. A. Constable
[*The writer has a very pretty talent for retelling in verse classic poetic tales and legends. His sentiment is particularly refined and gentle; he manages his metres well, and always respects his craft.*]
BEDFORD, W.—Love Triumphant, 2/6 .....Stock
[*A series of poems on the place taken in human life of love and of law. The value of the work as poetry is of the slightest, but the moral tone is elevated and sincere, and some of the thoughts suggestive.*]
BUCHANAN, R.—The New Rome, 6/- .....Scott
CARPENTER, A. L.—Edmund.....Stock
[*There is some remarkably good writing in this metrical tale, reminiscent of good models. The language is a thought turgid at times, there is a strained metaphor and a false quantity occasionally, but as a study in blank verse there is much in it to be commended.*]
COOGLER, J. G.—Purely Original Verse (complete works) Revised, Illustrated, and Published by the Author.
[*These "Complete Works" (5 vols. bound together) occupy 190 very small pages. The verse is extraordinary. The author insists unnecessarily on its originality. We do not think anyone will wish to rob him of his credit.*]
COULSON, F. R.—A Jester's Jingles, 2/6.....Skeffington
[*Just what the writer calls them—jingles, sometimes nonsensical, sometimes flippant, but generally amusing. There are some lively verses in Cockney dialect at the end.*]
DALZIEL, G.—Unconsidered Trifles .....Stock
[*There are some pleasing verses among these. They are unambitious but prettily worded, and show sincere feeling.*]
MILLER, W. J.—St. Kilda, The Arcadia of the Hebrides, and Psalms of Life .....Stock
[*The intention of these verses is excellent, the feeling sincere, but they are not very poetical either in thought or expression.*]
MONEY-COUTTS, F. B.—The Alhambra and other Poems, 3/6 ..Lane
PHIPSON, Dr. T. L.—Voice and Violin, 5/- .....Chatto
[*Really a kind of overflow volume from "Famous Violinists and Fine Violins," with a few details of personal experience in violin study added. The book is bright, anecdotal, entertaining, and will be enjoyed by musical amateurs.*]
SHAW, B.—The Perfect Wagnerite, 3/6 .....Richards
The Epic of Humanity; or, The Quest of the Ideal. Edited by an Apologist, 7/6 .....Kegan Paul
[*This is a ponderous piece of work as becomes the largeness of its*

subject. It is a pity the "editor" takes from his chance of a serious hearing by his flippant preface. We have done our best to dig a meaning out of the prologue, but have failed utterly.]

NEW EDITIONS.

BURNS, R.—Poems; Songs (The Temple Classics), 1/6 each ....Dent
[*These little twin volumes are as pretty and as exquisite as any Burns lover could desire. But we do not like such spelling as "bonie Nanie," and there are various words and phrases in the versions chosen which seem to us to spoil the delicacy of some of the finest songs.*]
COWPER, W.—The Diverting History of John Gilpin, with Illustrations by C. E. Brock, 3/6.....Dent
[*See p.* 123.]
GRAY, T.—Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, 3/6.... .....Dent
[*See p.* 123.]
WHITTIER, J. G.—Poetical Works, edited by W. G., 3/6 .....Frowde
[*This is the first complete edition of the poetical works of John Greenleaf Whittier issued on this side of the Atlantic. It contains a number of verses which up to the present had not been available for the general public, as Whittier, after the issue of the Riverside Edition, wrote a small volume of verses for private circulation only. And a very beautiful edition it is, clearly printed on light paper, and bound in the quiet, tasteful style which is so attractive in this series of "Oxford" Poets.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ABERCROMBY, Hon. J.—The Pre- and Proto-historic Finns, 2 vols., 21/-.....Nutt
ASHBOURNE, Lord—Pitt: Some Chapters of his Life and Times, 21/- Longmans
BIAGI, Dr. G.—The Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley, 3/6....Unwin
BROWNING, O.—Charles XII. of Sweden, 6/-.....Hurst & Blackett
BUDGE, F. A.—Isaac Sharp: An Apostle of the Nineteenth Century, 4/6 .....Headley
[*A conscientious and detailed account of an extraordinary career of mission work in almost every quarter of the globe.*]
BENNETT, E. N.—The Downfall of the Dervishes, 3/6 .....Methuen
[*If we had not been a little tired of reading of the Soudan, we should have enjoyed Mr. Bennett's book better. It is a freshly written and bright account of the war, and contains some excellent stories which are new to us. Mr. Bennett has the courage of his opinions, and we like his criticism of the modern war correspondent. It is hard but is not undeserved. A really magnificent photogravure of the Sirdar forms the frontispiece. It is by far the best portrait we have seen.*]
BULL, J. B.—Fridtjof Nansen, trans. by the Rev. M. R. Barnard, 2/6. Isbister
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